The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1910.

The Week.

Hearty congratulations will go to Mr. Taft from all over the country on his success in bringing about a tariff agreement with Canada. If there is anything a trifle more barbaric than tariffs themselves it is tariff wars. The interests of Canada and the United States are so interwoven that tariff hostility must have done incalculable harm on both sides of the border. In just such negotiations as this Mr. Taft is at his best. His personal charm, his tact, his amiability, his natural bent toward compromise, all stand him in good stead, and in this case serve the country as well. In no field of diplomacy has our record been marred by such gross stupidity as in our negotiations during many decades with Canada.

By the sudden death of Justice David J. Brewer the Supreme Court of the United States loses an able jurist, and the country a sincere patriot and wise councillor. For the twenty years spent as a member of our highest tribunal, Judge Brewer worthily upheld the traditions of that bench upon which his uncle, Stephen J. Field, was also sitting when Judge Brewer took the oath of office. His appointment he had earned by his years of service as Chief Justice of Kansas and as a judge of the Circuit Court of the United States. As a jurist his learning was of the most solid kind, his decisions invariably commanding the respect of the bar. Hard-working, of clear understanding and unflinching courage, Judge Brewer was essentially a democrat and a representative of the best type of American citizenship, of the ever-sound heart of the nation. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the founders of our institutions and keenly devoted to the principles upon which our government was based, he never hesitated to stem the current of popular opinion whenever he dissented from it. For a man of this kind and of this ability to disappear from any part of our public life is an occasion for genuine mourning.

Of late years Judge Brewer had more and more appeared in public as a lay preacher of rare power and usefulness. Thus he frequently presided over gatherings of lawyers and jurists because of his desire to dignify and uplift his profession. On his seventieth birthday we pointed out that his "appeals to the bar of the country for nobler ideals, for steadfast opposition to the demoralizing commercial tendencies of the present day, and for a higher code of professional ethics will be as gratefully remembered as his clear and able decisions on vital American policies." Upon the Philippine question his voice was heard with no uncertain note. In the Porto Rican and Philippine decisions he helped to destroy the absurd governmental fiction that our insular possessions could be considered part of the United States at one time and not at another. An ardent woman-suffragist, his democracy made him also resent bitterly the exclusion of the Chinese, against which he publicly protested. His broad humanitarianism naturally made him a warm advocate of an international court to pass upon all differences between nations. These are but a few of the great public services he rendered, but they should illustrate clearly the sound Americanism of a man the country can ill afford to lose. How much his death weakens the Supreme Court we can to-day hardly venture to estimate.

"Personally," says Arch-Insurgent Poindexter of Washington, "I can't see a great deal of difference between a Rules Committee run by Speaker Cannon and a Rules Committee run by Speaker Cannon's friends." There are many people to whom the difference between the Rules Committee of two weeks ago and the Rules Committee of to-day will be more apparent. There are many people even who could detect a difference between a Rules Committee run by Speaker Cannon two weeks ago and a Rules Committee run by Speaker Cannon to-day. It would be denying the Speaker his undeniable share of shrewdness to suppose that he does not recognize the significance of the great three days' battle in the House. The Speaker knows that he holds his place by sufferance and that any attempt at reviving old methods will bring the sword down once and for all. Hence it is a morally chastened band of Cannonites that now sit on the Rules Committee. Their position is not unlike that of poor Abdul Hamid II, whom his former subjects keep for the sake of the good they can still get out of him—in the form of fat and frequent subsidies. The Cannon lieutenants remain at the throttle because their experience cannot be dispensed with for the time being. But like the heroic young engine-driver of our boyhood days, the Cannon engineers are doing their duty with a couple of insurgent road-agents' pistols at their heads.

To the maker of political cartoons, the decline and somewhat mitigated fall of "Uncle Joe" Cannon will come as a heaven-sent boon. It is not often that such a delightfully fresh bit of material falls to the lot of the newspaper artist. That trade, in accordance with the laws of its own being, must deal with unchanging ideas. Mr. Roosevelt, once he is born as a Rough Rider with prominent teeth and eye-glasses, is always that. Mr. Taft is naturally destined to go down into pictured history as stout and good-natured. The future can only bring variations on the theme. Mr. Cannon, in the same way, had impressed himself on the country as a vigorous septuagenarian with a cigar, who ruled over Congress and did and said what he pleased. Fixed in his character, he was only susceptible to minor daily variation at the hand of the newspaper artist—to-day, he did this to suit himself; yesterday he did that to suit himself; and that was about all. But an Uncle Joe Cannon who is not a czar, but a beaten man, an Uncle Joe whose cigar does not tip defiantly upward like an oriflamme, but droops sorrowfully downward, like a closed umbrella, is something so novel, so refreshing, that every newspaper artist in the land will hail it with delight.

Not in years has anything occurred in New York to hearten honest men like the conviction of Jotham P. Allds, State Senator from Chenango. For of all the attempts to punish corrupt legislators this is the first in which the Legislature or one of its Houses has found a member guilty of a criminal act. Throughout

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decades decent men with some pride in the good name of New York State have hung their heads with shame. The traffic in laws and legislators was, if not open, notorious; the price paid at times a matter of definite rumor. Nevertheless, honest Governors, honest officials, honest reformers, and the honest press were alike baffled. It was all a little too indefinite; the libel laws made the printing of specific charges without corroborative evidence almost impossible of attainment. The corrupt traffic seemed beyond attack, for the bipartisan political machine which shared the profits protected its men. Hence the startling character of the charges, made by Senator Conger, published in the *Evening Post*. They were the flash of lightning that revealed the exact workings of the system of corruption before which decent citizens had been powerless—which even Governor Hughes in the insurance investigation was unable to lay bare. The conviction of Allds himself was of minor consequence save that the accused man had just become, thanks to unworthy machine bosses, leader of his party in the State Senate. The whole guilty crew of political pirates—masquerading under the name of one party or the other, but closely bound together by the cohesive power of political plunder—stand condemned today with Allds the pirate captain. They are the men who have thwarted the most unselfish and the most high-minded Governor New York has ever known in his efforts to redeem the reputation of the Empire State. Upon his measures have they fleshed their knives and used the pistols in their belts, with their black flag flying over their heads. They are now face to face with a day of reckoning.

Once more the attempt to obtain a ship subsidy has failed in Congress—this time because Representative Steenerson charged that improper influences were at work. There is to be an investigation into this charge forthwith, and it may be that something specific will develop. But no one should forget that there are always improper influences behind this bill, masked under patriotic appeals to "show the flag in all the ports of the world." It is a proposal that the United States shall take from its Treasury the cash sufficient to make unprofitable enterprises profitable. Ship subsidies mean that a new class of favored business men shall be created by the United States consenting to become a partner in the business—the kind of partner who puts a lot of money in and takes mighty little out. They mean another form of special privilege at a moment when the whole country is in revolt against every form of special privilege. Finally, they mean that the old law of trade that men shall buy where the goods are cheapest is again to be interfered with by statute. Americans buy the use of foreign tonnage because it is cheaper than American, just as they buy some German goods because they are cheaper than any available in America.

The story of fire insurance brigandage at Albany brings out one truth upon which the *Nation* has laid stress before this. Those business men and corporations who have been the victims of "strike" and "hold-up" bills have themselves largely to blame. If, instead of tamely submitting to blackmail, they had invested the blood-money in the hire of legitimate counsel and publicity, if instead of becoming a party to a crime they had carried the fight to the blackmailers, they would have done well by themselves and by the State. This is not theory, but fact. It is fact established by the very experience of the bribers themselves. When the exactions of the Albany gang became intolerable and the threatened interests, in very desperation, refused to be bled any longer, the gang held its peace. For this one thing is to be kept in mind: It may be hard to fix the charge of bribery on the "hold-up" practitioner; but these gentry dislike, just the same, to have the charge made. After all, there is a public opinion to which they must make some concessions, and a constituency that might ask embarrassing questions. A business man with his back to the wall and threatening exposure is something which the most redoubtable gangsman respects.

By the organic act of July 1, 1902, Congress prescribed that no one person should purchase more than forty acres of land in the Philippines, and no corporation more than twenty-five hundred. Ever since, there has been wailing and gnashing of teeth among the Americans in the archipelago who are there merely for exploitation purposes, and corporations have been loud in their statements that no large business enterprise can be made to pay in the Philippines under the present restrictions. These enactments have been the one bulwark of the Filipinos against the fortune-seeking American, whether of the respectable class or of the kind that disgraces us in Chinese and Japanese ports. Now, there is a scheme up in Congress, sanctioned by the Administration, to upset virtually this whole policy by putting on the market in large lots the 400,000 acres of land purchased from the Friars by the United States—these comprising some of the richest lands in the islands. Attorney-General Wickersham has ruled that these lands do not come under the organic act. If they do not, it is of the utmost importance that they should be brought within it. It would be a lasting shame to the United States if this misappropriation of public lands, which ought to be held in trust for the common people of the Philippine Islands, should be diverted to the uses of the Sugar Trust or similar concerns, or be made the bait for luring large capital to the islands.

The suggestion has been made that all the problems connected with the patent rights of the Wright brothers should be solved at a stroke by acquiring the rights for the free use of the public through a process of condemnation. The inventor's right to the exclusive use of his invention does not stand on the same footing as the right of property in general; the law recognizes this fact in the limitation of the right to an arbitrary term of years. Now, the choice of this particular method of rewarding the inventor is based upon specific considerations of expediency, and not upon any broad or fundamental principle. There is no reason in the nature of things why the term should be seventeen years rather than seven or seventy; there is no reason why exclusive possession for a term of years should be the form which the right should take at all. Doubtless it is the best form in general; and probably the duration now provided by the law is what it should be. But if any wise method could be devised for permitting the alternative of extinction of the patent by public purchase in cer-

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tain cases, a great deal might be said in favor of such a plan. The stimulus to invention which it is the purpose of the patent system to provide would be amply supplied. One of the possible consequences of such a provision might be the checking of monopolies which do not consist in, but are greatly fortified by, patent rights. But the practical difficulties in the way of any such scheme are unquestionably great.

An unexpectedly cheerful turn has been given to the Princeton situation. Personal contact between President Wilson and Mr. Procter, in the course of the annual meeting of the Western Association of Princeton Clubs, has led to what looks like a good understanding between the head of the university and the man whose offer of a gift for its graduate school gave rise to a commotion so extraordinary. It is pretty safe to assume, in all such cases, that whatever real differences of view may exist, the apparent differences become vastly greater in the course of a heated controversy; and while it is unquestionable that Dr. Wilson's position has represented a distinct and aggressive opposition to certain tendencies at Princeton, the incidental acerbities of the dispute were what gave it its apparently unmanageable character. The present outlook seems to be that the fundamentals for which President Wilson stood will be thoroughly safeguarded, and at the same time that those on the other side will be satisfied that the conditions of the original offer were rejected in no spirit of mere contentiousness.

The Manchester *Guardian* is one of a number of Liberal newspapers utterly out of patience with the truckling of the Asquith Administration to the big-navy mania. The ship-building programme of this year gives England a predominance over Germany more than 50 per cent. higher than Mr. Asquith demanded a year ago, on a statement of alleged facts as to Germany since proved to have been wrong. Mr. McKenna's speech of March 14, in presenting the navy estimates, the *Guardian* says, was addressed largely to the Conservatives as if it were "more important to have their approval of the Estimates than that of his own side." As the *Guardian* points out, on this issue the Liberals should seem to be entitled to greater consideration from a Government of their own than the Opposition. Thousands of Liberals are deeply exercised over estimates of $200,000,000 in which they see "a prospect of further increase next year, a serious menace to the free-trade finance which the recent budget, it was hoped, had made secure for a time."

Let every jingo and every military officer who thinks that a nation's fate depends solely on permitting army men to manage its affairs betake himself to Greece. There militarism has run its course and reached its logical conclusion. The soldier does not there have to stultify himself by going to the Parliament or Congress to ask for those means of defending the country which he *knows* to be absolutely necessary if the land is not to meet the most ignoble of fates. He orders the King to do his bidding. This he has accomplished through the agency of a Military League with no nonsense to it. Here are its latest demands, sent to the Prime Minister, with the quiet intimation that if they are not granted he will have to search for a new occupation, and that the King, too, may find himself homeless:

> The dismissal of all the higher officials in the public service, the more competent of whom may possibly be reappointed; the dismissal of the fifty-eight professors of the university, some of whom may be reappointed; a series of changes in the electoral law, among them being the restoration of small electoral districts, in which it is thought non-party delegates could be more easily returned; the expropriation of the landlords in Thessaly, and the establishment of peasant proprietors in their place; the removal of the royal stables from the centre of Athens; and the establishment of a Ministry of Agriculture.

Besides this, the League announces that it will "purify the army" by a secret committee, which will retain or expel officers as it sees fit. No room for the mollycoddle there; none for the peace-at-any-price man or the craven.

From Russia comes a useful differentiation between two terms that are generally used as synonymous. In assuming the office of President of the Duma to which he had just been elected, the Octobrist leader, Guchkoff, took pains to lay it down in so many words that Russia to-day has a constitutional, but not a parliamentary, form of government. In other words, what is left now of the representative assembly of four years ago which fought for the establishment of ministerial responsibility and even had hopes of resolving itself into a constituent convention, is only a very large advisory council whose advice the monarch is *a priori* prejudiced against, as emanating from a body elected by a more or less popular vote. Germany and Japan do not recognize the principle of ministerial responsibility; but in both countries this only means that the monarch reserves the right to pick out the men who shall help him govern in conformity with the will of Parliament. In Russia, the very powers of the elected representatives of the people are virtually dependent on the Imperial sufferance. The Czar's decree may nullify the Duma's decision or enact into law anything the Duma has refused to sanction. The Duma has been only a mockery of a Parliament, and the Government has rendered the world a service by refusing any longer to keep up the pretence.

The usually well informed and responsible Shanghai correspondent of the London *Times* sends to that newspaper some rather startling statements concerning the present status of the vernacular press of China.

> Concisely stated, the change which has overtaken the native press is that it has passed under the control of the Chinese official. At the present moment there is hardly a newspaper worthy of the name in China which is not owned or subsidized by the Mandarins, and the result, as shown in their columns, is that the outspoken criticism of two years ago is generally replaced by a spirit of comfortable acquiescence in the established order of things.

This ominous change has been brought about, we are told, through the enforcement of arbitrary postal and registration regulations quietly introduced under the authority of the Central Government, and by means of which "the existence of any journal in Chinese hands can be made to depend upon its attitude toward the officials." In Shanghai alone "a list of the owners of the leading newspapers, which provide ideas and information for a very wide circle of readers, includes the Shanghai Taotai, the Governor of Manchuria, the Viceroys of Chihli and Kiangsu, and a certain high official interested in the sale of anti-opium pills." Under such conditions the awakening of China is likely to be a slower and more painful process than has been expected.

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THE JUDGE IN THE PRESIDENCY.

Mr. Taft is the first President who received his chief training for public usefulness on the bench. Chase and Davis aspired in vain to a nomination for the Presidency, Parker made a campaign and was defeated. Hence the experiment of placing in the highest executive chair a man with the judicial habit dominant is a novelty to the American people. The man himself had from the start many misgivings; but a large body of his fellow-citizens felicitated themselves that the country was now to have a chance to catch its breath after nearly eight years of strenuous leaps and bounds. Even the retiring President paid his successor the unique compliment of saying: "Taft will give you a better administration than mine, for he will be able to build deliberately where I have had to play the pioneer and clear the ground."

The expectations aroused by Mr. Taft's candidacy were due largely to an appreciation of that difference between the man with the judicial habit and the man without it, which rests on the difference between impulse and law as motive powers. It was felt that after seven years of Roosevelt the development of the Presidency for a while in the serene atmosphere of a Federal Circuit Court would be a good thing for the government. Besides, much weight was naturally attached to Mr. Taft's experience in administration as Governor of the Philippines, and afterwards as Secretary of War. Not enough allowance was made for the fact that his mission to the Philippines was rather in the character of a benevolent magistrate, with a gift for healing ruptures in the family circle and straightening out tangles in the social fabric, than as an executive head for a government in working order. A like purpose animated his acceptance of the war portfolio; for that kept him in touch with the dependent people who had so trusted him, while its ordinary administrative responsibilities could be shifted to other shoulders.

That neither President nor country has enjoyed the restful year so cheeringly prophesied must be confessed; and it now seems profitable to inquire whether Mr. Taft's activities as President have not been hurt rather than helped by that judicial habit from which so much was hoped. Take the two incidents which have done most to rouse factional feeling in the Administration's own party—the tariff fiasco and the Ballinger-Pinchot convulsion: how do they lend themselves to this view? In the latter case, the President's duty was obvious from the beginning. No leader of a great forward movement can tolerate a quarrel between his lieutenants which imperils the efficiency of the organization. They are where they are for the purpose not of pulling apart, but of pulling together; and it is the business of their chief to say to them: "Gentlemen, you must either settle your differences at once, or he who insists on fighting must resign and conduct his further hostilities from outside of the service." That is the fashion of the executive officer who realizes that the task committed to him is the accomplishment of certain large results, not the arbitration of personal disputes. Instead, Mr. Taft laid a hand on the shoulder of each combatant, gave both his friendly counsel, and thus nursed their controversy along instead of chopping it short with a single blow. The effect of his forbearance was to protract the feud, intensify its bitterness, and project its most dramatic episode into the midst of a session of Congress—a consummation always avoided by executive officers of experience.

The tariff incident involved the same principle. Mr. Taft was elected on a platform which, as he was fully conscious, pledged him to a definite course as far as the President's prerogative could be extended in a matter ostensibly legislative. The man with strong executive instincts would have stated quietly but clearly where he stood and what he was willing to approve, and, failing that, he would have marked his protest by vetoing or pocketing the unsatisfactory measure. But Mr. Taft wasted good energy in weighing drachms and scruples of sophistry offered by the Congressional oligarchy to excuse their betrayal of the people's confidence, just as he had been accustomed from the bench to give the accused person the benefit of every possible plea in defence or mitigation.

So far as the American voting public were seeking a change of methods in the White House, they wished to replace haste with deliberation. But the experience through which the nation is now going points to the moral that there are other differences between the judicial and the executive habit besides a difference as to deliberation. Singleness of aim and directness of action are as truly of the essence of good executive work as studied equipoise and impartiality of interest are of the highest judicial excellence. And this contrast suggests that the drafting of an admirable judge for executive duty is likely to unfit him for a return to his old domain. Granted that he gets no moral taint whatever from his contact with the sordid side of politics, he is still exposed to hostile criticism. Just as we find a strong public sentiment averse to judges' submitting themselves as eager candidates for elective office, so we meet thousands of citizens of fair intelligence who refuse to believe that a man transferred from a political to a judicial position does not carry with him the prejudices acquired in combat with the opposition forces, and the aggresssve—perhaps the domineering—spirit which he has had to call into action now and then in pressing an important administrative measure.

It should, of course, always be borne in mind that the Presidential candidacy of Mr. Taft was of an entirely different kind from that of the judge on the bench seeking political office. He had long been engaged in important administrative tasks; and, when his name first began to be mentioned for the Presidency, he was not only not anxious for that office, but was known greatly to prefer a seat on the Supreme Court bench. His Administration has still all manner of possibilities before it; but if it should prove in the end as disappointing as there is now reason to fear that it may, this result, in the case of a man with his broader experience, will stand in the future as a warning against selecting for the Presidency men whose claims to it—unlike those of Mr. Taft—rest solely on the ability they have shown in judicial office.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

The astounding Democratic victory in the election of a successor to the late Congressman Lovering of the Fourteenth Massachusetts District must make even President Taft realize how the country feels about the Payne-Aldrich tariff. Rarely is the meaning of an election written so clearly on the face of the returns. Ten thousand men who in 1908 voted the Republican ticket, have now, only a year and a half later,

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voted for the Democratic candidate. More than that, they cast their ballots for a man who only recently deserted the Republican party because he could not endure the tariff iniquity. Mr. Foss made his campaign on the tariff and the high cost of living, and took pains that every voter in his district should understand his attitude. It is idle to say that the lack of popularity of his opponent had anything to do with the outcome. Mr. Lovering obtained in 1908 a majority of 14,250; the present reverse is certainly due to deep-seated popular dissatisfaction with the present Administration in Washington. One must go back to 1890 to find parallels to it. Even then it would be difficult to do so, for this particular district never before elected a Democrat to Congress. The handwriting is on the wall.

This becomes still plainer if one studies the district: The Fourteenth stretches south of Boston to the edge of Cape Cod. It includes three important manufacturing cities, Taunton, Brockton, the home of the shoe industry, and Attleboro, famed for its jewelry manufactures. Within its confines are a number of smaller towns from which commuters travel daily to Boston, while many summer residents, who live in Boston in the winter, maintain their voting residence in such home-towns as Scituate, Duxbury, Plymouth, and Norwell. In addition, this district includes long stretches of farming lands. It would not be easy to find anywhere a district of more diversified character, or more representative of American life. But farmers and manufacturers, small shopkeepers, metropolitan business men, and shoe-factory employees voted alike, throwing off with equal ease the thralldom of a party with which most have voted all their lives. Scituate, for instance, gives Foss 153, and Buchanan 82; in 1908, Lovering received 214, and the Democratic candidate 71. In Norwell, in 1908, there were but 46 Democratic votes to 147 Republican; now only 45 Republicans vote for their party. What could be clearer? What more convincing?

If there are any doubters, we would recall to them the Democratic landslide in the late Congressman De Armond's district in January, and refer them to the fresh reports of Democratic successes in local elections throughout New York State. No wonder Mr. Taft feels that a Democratic House is inevitable. As it appears today, nothing but the Democrats themselves can prevent a political overturn. Will they again come to the rescue of their political opponents? That is the question hundreds of thousands of voters asked themselves when they read the news from Massachusetts. It is extraordinary, the number of Republicans on all sides who feel that they have been "buncoed" by the tariff bill; who are dissatisfied with the Taft Administration. They are as eager and as ready to vote for Democrats as the old-line Democrats who have been driven out of their party are eager to return to the fold. So wonderful an opportunity has not been presented to the Democracy since the blight of Bryanism descended upon it. On all sides the Republican ranks are broken by party dissensions. There are now two kinds of Republicans—those who desire to see the party's alliance with special privilege continue, and those who would have it severed, and severed promptly. Where the West has taken its stand the upsetting of Cannonism in the House bears testimony. How the East is prepared to act Mr. Foss has demonstrated by his brief campaign of only two weeks.

Will the Democracy rise to the opportunity before it? There are gratifying evidences that it is coming to its senses. Behind Mr. Foss stood some of the best of the "William E. Russell Democrats" in the Bay State. Their return to leadership is in itself as hopeful a sign as the activities of the Democratic League in New York State. But most encouraging of all is the way the Democratic minority bore itself in the crisis in Congress. It stood shoulder to shoulder without dissensions, without any such desertions to the Republican ranks as marred its record of years. Congressman Burleson may have blundered tactically in forcing his resolution to oust Cannon, but it was sincerely meant and was in pursuance of the ordinary duty of an opposition to capture the positions held by its enemy. Despite the pro-Cannon vote, the Democrats are bound to obtain great credit throughout the country for their stand. In the West, particularly, people are certain to feel that the Democracy showed its trustworthiness by aiding in a reform of the House.

It is not without significance that the new Democratic opportunity comes in connection with the party's old winning issue, the tariff. If it had but had a Grant to lead it through the Wilderness of the last fourteen years, with the demand that its cohorts should fling themselves upon the tariff breastworks of the enemy, wherever found and however concealed, the Republican Richmond would have fallen ere this. Now, the Democrats enter the campaign handicapped by their votes in the last disgraceful scramble for tariff favors when they, too, yielded to the temptation to put money into their constituents' pockets. But the country in its present temper is certain to be lenient if the Democratic leadership in the coming elections be but bold and straightforward and sincere. Better now than in 1890 and 1892 do men understand the real nature of the tariff and how poisonous is its influence upon all forms of our industrial and political life. Thousands besides the shoemakers of Brockton have seen through the absurdity that it is essential to the welfare of the American workingman, and have penetrated the myth that high prices make for happiness and comfort or that cheap goods make cheap men. Altogether the situation is such as to cause every Democrat to take heart and the country to rejoice at the promised restoration to influence and efficiency of that Opposition it so sorely needs.

THE BUDGET TANGLE IN ENGLAND.

The reports of the British Exchequer on the Government's current tax receipts illustrate in an interesting way the situation created by the hold-up of the budget. Some of the schedules and rates in the English tax system continue automatically from one year to another, in accordance with previous Parliamentary grants to that effect. Others require an annual vote before their collection can be insisted on. The income tax falls into the second of these categories. Since the Lords refused concurrence in last April's budget, and since the Commons have not reënacted that or any other tax bill, the income tax has been gathered, so to speak, only on sufferance.

From a summary of the fiscal situation, prepared by the London *Economist*, it appears that certain new customs duties prescribed by the held-up budget

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are being collected in full, and that the same thing is true of the tea tax. This, one may suppose, is because the Government has power to insist on payment of these taxes, and is reckoning in any case on the validation of these taxes whenever a budget is enacted. But neither the liquor license tax of the budget of 1909, nor its new stamp taxes, have been exacted or paid at all. As for the income tax, which is always in the nature of a yearly grant of supplies, the *Economist* thus describes the situation:

(1.) The old duties on earned incomes, graduated up to £2,000 a year, are not being generally paid, because the demand notes have not been sent out. Some district commissioners have sent out, and a certain amount of the tax has been received.

(2.) The enhanced duty of 1s. 2d. in the pound sterling on unearned incomes is still being deducted by the bankers, in spite of the fact that there is no legal authority for its payment. Some bankers have paid, others have not. Companies have deducted their income-tax, but practically none of them have paid.

(3.) The super tax on incomes of more than £5,000 a year is not being paid, and those who have been asked to provide the materials for their assessment for this tax have in many cases stoutly declined to provide any information in the absence of an act of Parliament.

Whether or not the Government, in accordance with its past practice, has been deducting the income tax from its quarterly payments of interest on the public debt, does not appear; supposedly, the tax has not been deducted. But taking the actual collections as they stand, the latest British Government revenue statement received by post, covering operations for the first week of March, shows only £363,000 collected on property and income tax in the United Kingdom, against £2,538,000 for the same week last year. Since April 1, 1909—the beginning of the fiscal year—£12,420,000 revenue has been received from that service, as compared with £27,881,000 in the same period a year ago. The entire public revenue, during these eleven months, has fallen £14,000,000 short of the preceding fiscal year, and this in the face of £8,000,000 increase in public expenditure.

A deficit of nearly $100,000,000 has thus been created up to the present date; and to meet it the British Government has already borrowed heavily, and must borrow more. But the most anomalous fact in the case is that, while the Exchequer is borrowing to make good the growing shortage, money set aside by citizens for taxation purposes is accumulating in the English banks. This money will not be paid until a budget is definitely passed; but since no one can surely know at what moment that event may happen, the banks are necessarily cautious as to lending out such deposits except on very short time.

Almost the only quarter in which exactly this employment of the deposits is possible is on the Stock Exchange. The perfectly natural result, therefore, has been a superabundance of money placed at the temporary disposal of borrowers for speculative purposes; and here we have one of the most interesting explanations of the outburst of speculation in shares of mines and oil companies and rubber companies, which has already become a sensational incident in the London market. When one reflects that the termination of this extraordinary dilemma rests wholly on the policies which, for purposes of political strategy, may be adopted by the factions in the House of Commons, it will be seen how unusual a situation has arisen.

It is to be supposed that some way out of this tangle will be found by Parliament, other than the continuance of such expedients as the sale of $105,000,000 five-year Exchequer bonds, to make good this absolutely artificial deficit. On general principles, we should certainly suppose that the mere spectacle of such chaotic conditions in the British public finances would lead to some early settlement, at least of the budget legislation. The Asquith Ministry itself must be aware that responsibility for prolongation of such conditions will be placed on the shoulders of the Government, and this quite regardlessly of the dispute as to who was primarily at fault for the failure of the budget of 1909.

There is much force in the argument, set forth by sober political organs in Great Britain, that whatever is said of the general policies of a Ministry, its first and imperative duty is to carry on the government and provide the requisite supplies. A Ministry which does not or cannot do this thereby confesses its inability to govern, in accordance with all Parliamentary tradition. But whether considerations that are conclusive in normal times will have anything like their customary effect at a time of such Constitutional ferment as is now going on in England, is something that at the moment baffles prediction.

THE RETURN.

It would be a ridiculous error to say that forty centuries look down from Egypt's monuments upon the leader of the Smithsonian African Expedition. It is inconceivable that anything in nature or proceeding from the hands of man should look down upon Col. Roosevelt. On the contrary, if the special correspondents on the banks of the Nile are at all to be believed, things have been looking up in Egypt ever since the ancient land has come into touch with that buoyant, compelling vitality. Khartum has listened to a commencement sermon on the advantages of education. Luxor has been refreshed with a few thoughts on the proper sphere of woman. Thebes has looked on while the Colonel raced his mount over the sands against three competitors, and beat them all. The last incident, we must confess, stamps itself upon the mind as peculiarly characteristic, appropriate, and beautiful. The ordinary soul may be hushed into reverent silence by the mystery and the majesty of this tremendous Past. It is for the extraordinary spirit to be always and everywhere itself, strenuously equestrian at Thebes, taking a hand at tennis, perhaps, on the site of Babylon, punching the bag a little at Damascus, defiant alike of the Past and the temperature.

A good number of things have happened in the last ten years that have proved Mr. Rudyard Kipling a very poor prophet. The latest of his vaticinations to go by the board is that East is East and West is West and never the two shall meet. The two have met in their most essential, in their most historic, form, when Mr. Roosevelt stands in the shadows of the temple at Karnak. In degree of contrast, the meeting between East and West at Marathon, or when cross and crescent battled under the walls of Vienna, is insignificant. Two years ago, these States were torn with uncertainty as to what was to be done with Mr. Roosevelt after March 4, 1909. The imagination of man exhausted itself in putting him into the most incongruous places. It pictured him as discovering the North Pole, or turning the Sahara into a garden by means of irrigation and dry farming, or establishing peace by force of arms in troubled South America. No one thought of Mr. Roosevelt in conjunction with Egypt. And how could one? The problem was

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to find something for him to combat that was as strenuous as himself. The terrors of the Arctic would do reasonably well. The perils and horror of the desert might do. But Egypt, the dead; Egypt that rests indifferent to the rival claims of the virtuous man and the malefactor, the dynamic man and the mollycoddle, the small producer and the Trust; this Egypt was impossible.

And so they stand now face to face, the West and the East, the new and the old, Mr. Roosevelt and the Sphinx. What the Sphinx thinks of Mr. Roosevelt we shall probably never know. What our ex-President's views are concerning the Sphinx we shall know very soon. The riddle of the ages will at last be answered. Many obscure points in Egyptian chronology will be cleared up. The Pharaohs, with their dynasties, their queens, and their high priests, will be put in their proper place. We shall know now the Pyramids were built. We shall get the final word on just how the Israelites succeeded in making bricks without straw and how the fording of the Red Sea was effected. Every problem will be studied, we are sure, with insight, with fairness, and with complete knowledge, though it is too much to expect that all will be treated with sympathy. For it is natural that there should be much in the land of the Nile that will displease and even anger Mr. Roosevelt. He will chafe at the unparalleled amount of nature-faking on the monuments. The dog-headed god Anubis, the cow-headed Isis, Horus, Osiris, and Ra in their various zoölogical manifestations, will be treated as they deserve to be, gently perhaps, but firmly.

The Smithsonian African Expedition's sojourn in Egypt has not been a very prolonged one. At the present writing, Mr. Roosevelt is in Cairo or near there, on his way to lecture before the students of the University of Berlin in German, the students of the Sorbonne in French, not to speak of the University of Oxford in English. What will be the final effect upon Egypt of his brief visit? Will Mr. Roosevelt do what the Roman legions failed to accomplish, and rouse the East from its age-old slumbers? Or will the East prove the stronger of the two, and, after a little while, forget its distinguished vistor, forget the newspaper correspondents, and the tourists from Iowa and South Dakota, who, in the shadow of the temples at Philæ, unanimously renominated Mr. Roosevelt for President in 1912, and go back to its own ways? The future will show. But if Egypt does refuse to awake, we should once for all abandon our empty boast about the superiority of our own civilization to that of the East. If two such tremendous products of Western civilization as the Assuan dam and Mr. Roosevelt fail to make an impression on the drowsy Orient, nothing ever will.

A SUCCESSOR TO CHATEAUBRIAND.

The death of Viscount Marie-Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé last week marked the passing of a picturesque figure in French intellectual life. To describe him in a word more precisely is difficult. Novelist, essayist, literary critic, historian, moralist, prophet—all of these he was, and more. Indeed, any one who is at all acquainted with his writings is impelled at this time to ask not so much what he was as what he might have been. For, like many another author, he was the victim of his versatility. If only he could have been just one of the many things he was, or, at any rate, one of them at a time, there is no telling to what a height he might have risen.

His development is easy to follow. He was born in 1848; fought in the Franco-Prussian war, which fired him with a rampant patriotism, and in the next dozen years was attached to the French embassies, successively at Constantinople, Cairo, and St. Petersburg. To the splendor and mystery of the Orient he responded sympathetically in such essays as "Syrie," "Palestine," "Histoires orientales." More important than the Orient, however, in formative power, were the seven years spent in Russia, during which by various sketches he stirred his countrymen to an enthusiasm for Russian life and literature. The extent to which he strengthened in this way the bonds of friendship between the two countries was largely responsible, no doubt, for his election, at the age of forty, to the French Academy.

In any case, he owed to Russia his spiritual awakening. Specifically, this came from the novels of Turgenieff, Dostoyevsky, and Tolstoy. In the pictures there presented of toiling, patient, heroic peasants, he seemed to find not only a superior sort of realism, but a new, abiding gospel. He says, in the preface to "Le Roman russe," which appeared in 1886, "The new art tries to imitate nature in its unconsciousness, its moral indifference. It expresses the triumph of the masses over the individual, of the crowd over the solitary hero." This was an ingenious quirk given to an old idea. Horace, among others, had smiled sadly at the sum total of man's endeavors compared to the relentless march of time; but it was the joyful acceptance of this principle and the poetic glory which M. de Vogüé cast over its workings that appeared for the moment new, even revolutionary. Far from depressing the masses, he held out to them hope and enthusiasm, presenting to them visions in which man, though but a particle of dust, made nevertheless with his fellows that great highway of the race which emerges from a limitless past and stretches to a brave future. Democracy he called this; it was an adjustment of art to the ruling spirit of the age. Such remained the outlook of M. de Vogüé to the end.

More than anything else, it was this outlook, this stand, which gave to him among his contemporaries a certain distinction. It led him, in an age when art for art's sake was so much the talk, to insist that literature should embody a moral, capable of being understood by the many, and to hold that the writer's mission is to act as a guide to the average human soul. It gave him also a religious faith at a time when science was diffusing the spirit of skepticism. What his actual creed was he could, to be sure, never quite say. "Croyons!" was his watchword. In what? In the vision he had seen, in the past, in the future—in a great cosmic sweep. This attitude, which substituted general religious sentiment for a definite belief, has been termed Neo-Christianity. His position led him likewise into a strange sort of mysticism. For ears properly attuned there are, he thought, voices from the beyond; not quite music of the spheres, rather voices nearer at hand, which connect things visible with those unseeen and strengthen one's sense of the solidarity of the universe. We hear, almost see, such voices in "Les Morts qui parlent," written in 1899, voices of the dead guiding the living; we find them somewhat better explained in the essay, "Regards historiques et littéraires," of 1892.

The eyes of his age were upon him,

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looking for some strict system of thought and conduct, but were soon doomed to disappointment. The mind of M. de Vogüé was too alert, too impatient, to rest long upon one object; it was sufficient for him to glimpse hidden meanings and to attempt to phrase them off-hand into eternal verities; to be forever reaching out towards a larger environment. It was said, with some truth, that he could not write four lines without lapsing into universals. Enthusiasm for his ideas he did at times inspire, especially in the minds of the students who grouped themselves about him, and called him prophet. And indeed, such ideas as his, brilliant in impulse but often inchoate, are just the sort that startle and inspire listening youth, but that make quite a different impression when scrutinized in book form. M. de Vogüé belonged to no school and never succeeded in founding one himself. An exile he has been called, because of the loneliness of his position. He fancied he had seen a great light, yet never could tell quite convincingly what it was.

Of a piece with his general habit of thought were his methods in pure literature—a brilliant, misguided versatility. He was too fluent a preacher to be a novelist. In "Les Morts qui parlent" and in "Le Maître de la mer" the moralizing gives to the stories both their point and direction, turning at the same time the characters into puppets. Undoubtedly, however, he will be remembered for pages here and there, especially for certain descriptions of nature which, like those of his master, Chateaubriand, are written in poetic prose, touched by a tender, quickening symbolism. Whether it be a winter-scene in Russia, the gleam of the Orient, or the "twilight meadows" of France, he shows a caressing touch, a happy buoyancy, an insinuating fancy.

THE SPECIALIZED UNIVERSITY.

Lord Rosebery has recently suggested that the university might solve the increasingly difficult problem of the multiplicity of subjects by what he calls co-operation. Each university, that is, shall leave to the community the vexed question of the relative importance of different studies, and concentrate its efforts frankly on whatever group of subjects it feels itself most qualified to teach. Thus instead of many little trees of knowledge we shall have one large tree, of which each university (the name can be retained only by courtesy) will be a highly developed branch. It is not meant, of course, that the differentiation should be carried to all possible lengths. It would not be necessary to journey from New York to California, or even from Leeds to Manchester, in order to pass from a course on mineralogy to a course on palæontology. There would be, let us suppose, three great types of university—the classical, the scientific, and the historico-economic. In each of these, subjects not directly related to the particular function of the institution might still be pursued to a certain point; but they would hold a subordinate place without reference to any estimate of their final utility.

Now, this seems at first glance a sufficiently reasonable proposal. We are ready to grant that there would result a large economy of effort, and that each great institution would attain results in its chosen specialty that are now beyond its reach. If the aim of university education were simply and solely to increase the sum of human knowledge, there would be no more to be said. The case would be parallel to that of the industrial world, and we all know what specialization has accomplished there. But to those of us who look to universities not so much for the advancement of knowledge as for the advancement of learning (the distinction is by no means fanciful), the proposed "coöperation" has very much the look of disintegration. To us it seems fully worth while that a considerable amount of efficiency, of measurable attainment, should be sacrificed in order that the catholic temper of university life may be preserved.

Specialization has already been carried very far in the freedom of choice allowed to the individual; but at least the student mind maintains something of the old tradition of a liberal education. No one scholar is in danger of thinking his own particular field of interest a cosmos. There is a constant incitement in the direction of a philosophic attitude toward knowledge. The scientists have a wholesome fear of mere empiricism; the classicists of pedantry; the metaphysicians of sophistry. But if the scheme of specialization among universities were carried out, all this would inevitably be changed. That fine humility in the face of the vast field of intellectual endeavor which it is one of the great functions of a university to instil, could never be developed under such a system. Every one would know, of course, when he stopped to think about it, that his intellectual vista was only the foreground of a great estate, but his normal habit of mind would be quite unaffected by this consideration. The men produced by the system would be among those of whom Newman wrote, "They see the tapestry of human life, as it were, on the wrong side, and it tells no story. . . . Nothing has a drift or relation; nothing has a history or a promise. Everything stands by itself, and comes and goes in its turn, like the shifting scenes of a show, which leaves the spectator where he was."

Above all, if Latin and Greek are to be preserved—and it is largely on the ground that they will thus be saved that Lord Rosebery makes his suggestion—it will not be by isolation. The sciences might appear to prosper by the separation, though they would certainly become cold and hard at heart. But the classics would indeed dry up and wither. They would be preserved—as pressed flowers are preserved—but the free air of the world would no longer be scented with their fragrance. If they are to take anything like their former position, it will be rather from a common reëstimation of their value at the heart of education than from any such artificial separation.

A GREAT FRENCH PHILOSOPHER AT HARVARD.

The Hyde lectureship, which has year after year brought to Harvard some splendid object-lesson of the way in which popular lectures may best be given, has never till this year taken a philosopher as its example-setter. This year we have been having Prof. Emile Boutroux, and the occasion seems to me so well worthy of commemoration that I venture to set down a brief account of it for the *Nation's* readers.

The whole enterprise of international exchange of professors is still in its tentative infancy, and one may hear as many arguments against it as reasons for it. The Hyde foundation requires all lectures to be in the French tongue, and the first thing that has been disclosed is the appalling rarity of ability to understand spoken French, even in a centre of learning like Cambridge.

M. Boutroux's auditors this year

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should preëminently have been our students of philosophy; but, victims of the deplorable manner in which they have been taught foreign languages, hardly half a dozen of them have shown their faces. Few, even of our instructors, follow a French lecture easily—though many more can follow German—and what with "other engagements," and the terrors of the title, "Contingence et Liberté," of M. Boutroux's course, their number proved so small that the bulk of the audience consisted of world's people from Boston and elsewhere, including a good number of French visitors attracted, I am sure, less by the particular subject, than by the rare pleasure of hearing any intelligible discourse whatever in the language of the far-off native country.

It is obvious that the institution of professorial exchange needs overhauling. It ought to be a means of vital stimulation, of making our somewhat torpid youth aware of the presence of a wider world about them, human and social as well as intellectual. So far it has missed fire in this respect. Our young fogies in the graduate schools continue working for their Ph.D. examinations by moving, like Faust's Wagner, "von Buch zu Buch," "von Blatt zu Blatt," and remain for the most part quite unconscious that an opportunity has been lost to them.

M. Boutroux is one of the veterans of his country in the sphere of philosophy, and an extraordinarily influential personage in all academic lines of activity. Almost every philosopher of the younger generation has been his pupil; one finds him sitting as a judge at every *soutenance de thèse* for the doctorate in philosophy; he attends congresses; has been since its foundation *directeur* of the Institut Thiers, and is president this year of the Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, where he will shortly have to welcome Mr. Roosevelt as an *associé étranger*. He is a somewhat ascetic looking figure, with a very French and rather military physiognomy, but with the kindliest of manners, a power of extraordinarily clear statement, and, above all, a great air of simplicity and sincerity while lecturing.

M. Boutroux, like almost all his compatriots, thinks it no praise to say of a lecturer that "he talks like a book." German and Anglo-Saxon lecturers may talk like books, but the idea of a public lecture in France is different. It ought not to furnish information of details as a book does. It ought rather to confine itself to tracing perspectives, defining tendencies, bringing out contrasts, and summing up results. It ought, above all, to generalize and simplify, and it ought to avoid technicality of language. Needless to say that, for this task, complete mastery of the subject is an indispensable condition, and only the great masters have succeeded greatly as popular expositors. M. Boutroux's single lectures on Pascal and on Comte showed the breadth and simplicity which result from absolute mastery of a subject.

His continuous course, entitled "Contingence et Liberté," consisted of eight lectures, and the high originality of his position here is what, in my eyes, entitles his visit to notice beyond the immediate circle of his listeners. M. Boutroux is, by virtue of priority, the leader *de jure* of the reaction against the abstract, and in favor of the concrete point of view in philosophy, which in the last few years has got under full headway in all countries. The leader *de jure*, I say, meaning the historic leader or precursor, for the leadership in loudness has passed in England and this country to more strident voices, and in France to those more radically revolutionary in tone. Boutroux is above all a liberal, grants cheerfully to the opposing side what it can fairly claim, harbors no enmities, and makes no enemies, so that many a convert to "pragmatism" or to "Bergsonism" has remained ignorant that the ball was set rolling by his first publication, "La Contingence des lois de la nature," away back in 1867. His freedom from polemic virulence, his indisposition to flourish a party flag, have kept his name more in the shade than has been just. The most important features of "pragmatism" and "Bergsonism" find clear expression in that early work. And the *Weltanschauung* of that work, matured and reinforced, but in no wise altered, was what this course of lectures reaffirmed. Deemed paradoxical when it first appeared, that *Weltanschauung* is now recognized as possibly discussable, to say the very least, and is evidently about to enter on a powerful career.

I can only sketch the essence of it briefly, without following the lecturer's own order, or going into any detail. The quickest way to get at the character of anything is to know what to contrast it with. The best term with which to contrast M. Boutroux's way of looking at the world is the "scholastic" way of taking it. When I say "scholastic," I don't use the word historically, but as common-sense uses it when it makes of it a reproach. In this sense scholasticism is found in science as well as in philosophy. It means the prétension to conceive things so vigorously that your definitions shall contain all that need be known about their objects. It means the belief that there is but one set of thoughts which absolutely tell the truth about reality, and it means the claim to possess those thoughts, or the more essential part of them. If the word "scholastic" be objected to, let the word "classic" be employed. M. Boutroux's bugbear would then be the classic spirit, and he might be treated as a "romantic" in philosophy.

H. Taine has attributed the misfortunes of France in the revolutionary and Napoleonic periods to the rule of the classic spirit, with its trust in immutable principles and rigorously logical applications; but Taine himself, so far as his general view of man and nature went, cherished classic ideals. If we look back to his time, we find a different idea of the meaning of "Science" from that which the best investigators have now come to believe in. Taine, Berthelot, Renan, and the other great influencers of public opinion during the Second Empire, thought of science as an absolute dissipator of the mysteries of nature. It stripped reality naked of disguise, revealed its intimate structure, was destined to found a new morality and to replace religion. Its votaries were to be the high priests of the future, and the destinies of our planet were to be committed to their keeping. John Fiske's favorite word "de-anthropomorphization" serves as a good summary of this whole way of thinking.

Carried away by the triumphs of chemistry, physics, and mathematics, these men imagined that the frame of things was eternally and literally mechanical, and that truth was reached by abstracting from it everything connected with personality. Personal life is a mere by-product, it was said, and its categories, though we have to live in them practically, have no theoretic validity. At the present day, however, concepts like mass, force, inertia, atom, energy, are themselves regarded rather as symbolic instruments, like coördinates, curves, and the like, for simplifying our map of nature and guiding us through its jungle. But the whole undivided jungle, with our personal life and all, is the reality immediately given; and though it is given only in small bits at a time to any one, yet the whole content and quality of it is more completely real than that of any of those conceptual substitutes.

This was the central thesis of Professor Boutroux's lectures. Whereas the classic and scholastic tradition is that reality is above all the abstracted, simplified, and reduced, the inalterable and self-identical, the fatal and eternal, Boutroux took the diametrically opposite view. It is the element we wholly live in, it is what Plutarch's and Shakespeare's pages give us, it is the superabounding, growing, ever-varying and novelty-producing. Its real shape is biography and history, and its "categories," far from sterilizing our world for all purposes of living reason, keep fertilizing it infinitely. "Reason" is a term which Professor Boutroux rescues from its purely classic use of tracing identities, concealed or patent. It is for him the faculty of judgment in its widest sense, using sentiments and willingnesses, as well as concepts, as its

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premises, and abounding in power, as everything else does, the more abundantly it is exercised.

The practical gist of his whole contention was that reality means novelty, elementary and genuine, and not merely apparent. For the classic rationalism, elementary novelty would be synonymous with Absolute Chance at the heart of things, and that is inadmissible. "Pure irrationalism and sentimentalism" would then be the verdict on Professor Boutroux's *Weltanschauung*. But Boutroux is above all things a liberal and mediating mind, and loves not harsh oppositions. If novelties came abruptly "out of whole cloth" and juxtaposed themselves to the existent, like dominoes against dominoes in a game, the world would be as bad a field of rattling bones as the "irreducible" categories and concepts of classical philosophy make it. Not chance, therefore, but "contingency," is the idea which Professor Boutroux prefers to work with; and by contingency he means the element of spontaneity which characterizes concrete human life—where the consciousness of the present is ever of *many* future possibilities, and contains always enough causality for either of them, when realized, to be regarded as its natural effect. Which *shall* be realized is meanwhile uncertain until our living reason makes its choice. Ever something new, but never anything entirely new. No literal imitation like that which is postulated as the "uniformity of nature," yet always imitation in the midst of the variation; and an "order" unlike that "logical" order, where the same comes only from the same, and which is all that mathematical science can imagine—an order satisfying other kinds of demand, and yet not disappointing the intellectual demand that the effect shall in *some* way grow out of and continue all that went before it.

In this sense the entities of science, the molecules or energies, and the equations that express their laws, are previous in reality only in the way in which "grams" and "metres" are, or only as a statue is previous in its rock. The creative touch of human reason was needed in each case for the extrication; and that those particular creations resulted rather than a hundred others just as possible, is one of those selective interactions between living minds and their environment which can be "understood" when once it has occurred, but which no acquaintance with the previous conditions can show to an outsider that it was the sole thing possible. Theories result from psychological variations, just as Roosevelts and Rockefellers result from biological variations. Both variations are adapted partly, and partly non-adapted. They change the world-situation and are changed by the world-situation; but the resultant new situation is always a unique one, and none but the agents of its production are in a position vitally to understand why or how it comes into being.

With such a view it would seem natural to interpret the non-human environment as enjoying also an interior life. Panpsychism of some kind, although the lecturer did not enter into that consequence, would seem, in other words, to be a rightful part of his system.

The great originality of M. Boutroux throughout all these years has been his firm grasp of the principle of interpreting the whole of nature in the light of that part of it with which we are most fully acquainted, namely, our own personal experience. The filling in of the picture will require endless research of detail, but the working direction, once given, cannot be easily forgotten; and it seems not unlikely that at a future not remote the whole earlier efforts to substitute a logical skeleton of as few "immutable" principles and relations as we can dissect out cleanly for the abounding richness and fertility of the reality we live in, and to call this skeleton the deeper truth, will seem an aberration. It is essentially a view of things from the outside, and knows nothing of how they *happen*. M. Boutroux has steadily called his generation to take the inside view of how things really happen.

Even less than I expected, have I followed his own order or language, but it is too late to re-write. Those readers who know something of present-day philosophy will recognize in my account the same call to return to the fulness of concrete experience, with which the names of Peirce, Dewey, Schiller, Höffding, Bergson, and of many minor lights are associated. It is the real empiricism, the real evolutionism, the real pluralism; and Boutroux (after Renouvier) was its earliest, as he is now its latest, prophet. It keeps us on cordial terms with natural life, and refuses to divorce our "philosophy" of men from the world of our bosoms and our business.

WILLIAM JAMES.

Harvard University.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the *Nation* for May 9, 1909, the first part of the "Trial Bibliography of Colonial Virginia," by William Clayton-Torrence, published by the Virginia State Library, was noted. That first part ended with 1754, the latter part of the manuscript having been destroyed in a fire in the printing shop. The second part, coming down to 1776, has now been printed. Just 250 imprints are included. Except in a very few cases where copies of the books could not be located, lined titles are given, libraries possessing copies are indicated, and often some note as to the author, the contents of the book or tract, and its historical importance is added. Of especial interest are the several tracts relating to the so-called Walpole grant on the Ohio River, a business in which Franklin was interested; also the series of medical treatises, mostly in Latin by the Virginia graduates of the University of Edinburgh; and the tracts by Landon Carter, Richard Bland, and John Camm on the "Two-Penny Act" passed by the Virginia Assembly in 1758. Sesssion Laws, Assembly Journals, and Almanacs supply many entries, as do also the issues of the *Virginia Gazette*, which are entered annually and the files of which, so far as known, are located.

The first New Hampshire Register, "Civil, Military, and Ecclesiastical Register of the Province of New Hampshire," Portsmouth, 1772, a little pamphlet of sixteen pages, giving a list of the Province and county officers, clergymen, officers of Dartmouth College, etc., brought $525 at the Stickney sale at C. F. Libbie & Co.'s in Boston, on March 23. Four copies are known, one imperfect. Mr. Manson's copy uncut, sold in the same auction room in 1899 for $33. Perhaps on account of the war no second Register was issued until 1787. Stickney's copy of this issue brought $9. The third Register, for 1788, the earliest seen by Sabin, brought only $6.50.

A number of interesting and valuable American books and pamphlets are included in the collection (partly from the library of Henry Clay), which the Merwin-Clayton Co. will sell on April 5 and 6. The first printed collection of the Laws of Kentucky (Lexington, John Bradford, 1799) and the earliest extant American printed Laws of Virginia (Williamsburg, William Parks, 1733) are perhaps the two most notable items. This latter book is not quite "the earliest surviving evidence of printing done in Virginia," as the catalogue states, though it may be the earliest procurable in the market by the present generation. The John Carter Brown Library possesses the only known copy of the earliest known Virginia imprint, "Typographia. An Ode on Printing," by John Markland, Printed at Williamsburg by William Parks in 1730; and several other pieces are extant printed there before 1733. There is evidence also that printing was actually carried on many years earlier. On February 21, 1682, John Buckner was called before Lord Culpeper and his council for printing the laws of 1680, and he and the printer, one William Nuthead, were put under bond of £100 "not to print anything hereafter, until his majesty's pleasure shall be known." Of this earliest printing in Virginia we have no further knowledge. We may once more reprint Gov. Sir William Berkeley's famous statement made in 1671: "I thank God we have not free schools nor printing; and I hope we shall not have these hundred years. For learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world; and printing has divulged them and libels against the government. God keep us from both."

When the new printing press was established at Williamsburg in 1730 by Parks it seems to have been largely through the assistance of William Gooch, Governor of Virginia, and the pamphlet "Typographia" mentioned above was, as the author states in his dedication to the Governor, "occa-

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sioned by the setting up a Printing-Press in Williamsburg." William Parks had carried on a printing office in Annapolis. On February 1, 1728, he made proposals to print a collection of the Laws of Virginia, but the volume did not appear until 1732. It is a copy of this which is to be sold at auction next week. Clayton-Torrence notes nine other copies. Gilbert's copy sold in 1873 for $32.50 and Brinley's in March, 1880, for $20.50.

Books and pamphlets on the Stamp Act and the Revolution; books on Masonry and Anti-Masonry; a collection of manuscripts relating to the Republic of Texas; Burk's "History of Virginia" (1804-16), with the scarce fourth volume; and an autograph letter signed of Daniel Boone are other lots included in this sale.

Correspondence.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION DEFENDED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have watched with great interest the discussions in your columns and elsewhere of the recent changes in regard to the award of pensions by the Carnegie Foundation, but I have looked in vain for any defence whatsoever of those changes. That there should have been *some* adverse criticism was inevitable, but that all enlightened criticism should have been hostile is astounding when one dispassionately considers the situation.

Certainly no one can doubt that it was the sincere wish of Mr. Carnegie to further the cause of higher education in this country. Some tentative plan for the distribution of the funds had to be mapped out, but to expect any plan to have anticipated from the start all unseen difficulties and dangers is certainly requiring too much of limited human powers. The framers of the plan in their wisdom understood, and the right was reserved to make *any* changes that experience might prove necessary or desirable. This reservation was clearly stated at the outset, and any ignoring of it by teachers is inexcusable.

Now, after four years' trial, it appears that the plan as originally undertaken cannot be carried out. The pension list has suddenly grown enormously, owing to causes that one would least expect. If institutions are inclined to take advantage of the situation and to try to divert the gift from its original purpose to the solving of local difficulties of administration, if teachers individually are inclined to follow the letter of the rules without any regard to the spirit and to claim a share of the spoils, the Foundation is in honor bound to stop such procedure straightway in order to safeguard its high purpose. This it has now attempted to do by removing the cause inherent in Rule II. If the pension list must be kept within fixed bounds, if curtailment must come, the directors have undoubtedly thrown the burden where it can best be borne; that is, upon the younger and more able-bodied members of the teaching profession.

One hears much of the ethical question involved in the sudden change. Some even go so far as to declare that there has been a breach of faith on the part of the directors of the Foundation. It is quite possible that some teachers have made plans on the basis of the old rule, but since the Foundation has again reserved the right to deal with individual cases, we may rest assured that all worthy claimants will meet with justice. It was stated by the directors in the beginning that pensions were to be awarded only to professors in colleges on the accepted list, again with the reservation of the right to deal with worthy cases elsewhere. According to the last report of the President, more than one-third of the professors now drawing pensions are from colleges *not* on the accepted list. No one, however, seems to have raised the ethical question here. To be sure, I do not recall having seen anywhere a word of praise for this admirable generosity, but I assume that silence has not been due to disapproval. In case the directors had seen fit to change Rule II merely by substituting fifteen years for twenty-five years' service, would the ethical aspect have been emphasized by the critics?

Another criticism often seen is that the Foundation shows a tendency to meddle with college affairs and that it is not safe for such large powers of coercion to be vested in an outside body. To me this power of control seems destined to bring great pressure for good upon our present loose educational system. The Foundation evidently from the first recognized that the best and most lasting results could be obtained by starting with institutions themselves. The lack of any general supervision over our higher education has led to shameful abuse, and to our national disgrace "colleges" and "universities" have been allowed to spring up everywhere with full authority for conferring academic and professional degrees. If the Carnegie Foundation will continue boldly to point out what a true college standard of scholarship shall be, if by its efforts some institutions shall be induced to raise their present low standards and others be forced to unmask their blatant hypocrisy, if this much alone shall be accomplished by the Foundation, its efforts in the cause of education will not be in vain. We have long needed some fearless, disinterested body to point out abuses in our present system, and this has been done in an effective manner for four years by the Foundation. The President has not hesitated to comment on any unseemly practice, whether it be political corruption at the University of Oklahoma or vulgar advertising at Harvard. The annual reports summarize in masterly fashion the actual condition of things, and sound advice is there given by a skilled educator for the remedying of flagrant abuses. It is hard to see wherein the danger to true education lies, so long as the Foundation is supervised by such a body as the present directors.

G. C. Scoggin.

University of Missouri, March 21.

A TEST OF ORTHODOXY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Let me contribute to the discussion of sectarianism in colleges the enclosed list of theological test-questions recently submitted to a professor of ancient languages in one of the oldest denominational colleges in Pennsylvania. The orthodoxy alone of this particular teacher (who is not a clergyman) had been called into question, and upon affirmative answers to these questions his further connection with the college was made to depend.

Morgan Barnes.

Ojai Valley, Cal., March 12.

Dear Professor X——:

You are asked to give categorical answers to the following questions:

(1.) Do you accept as scriptural the doctrine concerning God as taught in the answers to the fifth and sixth questions of the Shorter Catechism?

(a) "There is but one only, the living and true God."

(b) "There are three persons in the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory."

(2.) Do you accept the testimony as to Christ's preëxistence and oneness with God, as set forth in the Gospel according to John, and in Paul's letter to the Philippians? John 1:1-8; Phil. 2:5-10.

(3.) Do you accept as historical the record concerning Christ's human birth, as given in Matthew 1:18-25; Luke, 1:26-35; Luke 2:1-20?

(4). Do you see in Jesus Christ not only the supreme revelation of God as through the highest and holiest of men, but view Him as God, "manifest in the flesh," as "the image of the invisible God," and "the effulgence of His Glory, and the very image of his substance," as set forth in the following Scriptures: 1 Timothy 3:16; Colossians 1:15-17; Hebrews 1:1-3?

(5.) Do you see in the life and death and resurrection and heavenly ministry of Christ God's method of redeeming humanity, and behold in the death of Christ the supreme sacrifice of love needed to bear away sin, and reconcile an estranged race unto God? 2 Cor. 5:18-21; Romans, 5:8-10.

(6.) Do you believe in the return to this earth of the exalted and glorified Saviour, who, according to His promise, will judge the living and the dead? Matthew 24:30-31; Matthew 25: 31-33.

ETYMOLOGY OF SLANG.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The volumes which have recently been added to the Century Dictionary contain (if the specimen sheets may be trusted) the following definition of the slang term *fan*:

[Said by some to be short for *fanatic*, but this implies a popular pronunciation fan'a-tic. Others associate the word with *fan*[1], which has various slang uses.] One who is very enthusiastic on the subject of athletic sports, especially baseball; one who haunts baseball grounds and baseball games; a baseball "fiend." [Slang.]

In what is here said about the implied popular pronunciation of *fanatic*, the etymologist seems to assume the following general principle; In the formation of a slang term by abbreviation, the first syllable of the original word will be selected only in case such syllable is accented. I venture to question the validity of this principle, and offer as evidence the following list, mainly drawn from the student vocabulary:

Original.	*Slang.*
gymnasium	gym
fraternity	frat
preparatory	prep
psychology	psych
semester	sem
condition	con
professor	prof
barbarian	barb
οἱ πολλοί	poll
political economy	poly ec
plebeian	plebe
professional	pro
lieutenant	lieut
republicans	reps

I may add as collateral evidence, "Die"

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for Diana, as in Die Vernon. "Con" and "Prof" may have arisen from the written forms, but this cannot be true of all of the terms cited.

FRED NEWTON SCOTT.

Ann Arbor, Mich., March 21.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To describe Jane Austen in her own style, may it not be said that her pre-eminent qualities are reality and rectitude? Not long since I was impressed by the fact that the author's name seemed to express these or related qualities with surprising definiteness. It is well known that in daily life generalization commonly proceeds upon an unconscious basis. So I endeavored to find the source of the suggestion. It occurred to me that it lies in the similarity of the name to the word "austere," of which Austen might be regarded as a sort of softened, feminine form.

The question naturally followed, how far are we thus influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by the names of authors? That the name, at any rate, often contains the right suggestion is evidenced by the quizzical style of "Q.," the studiousness of Browning, the sombreness of Gray, the mildness of Lamb, the youthfulness of Suckling, the modesty of Lyly, the solidity of Dryden, the curiosity of Pepys, the subtle wit of Swift, the irony of Sterne, the madness of Chatterton, the commonsense of Johnson, the dictatorial mien of Pope, the rusticity of Cowper, the engaging style of Reade, the cumbrous weight of Drayton, the belligerency of Warburton, and the dreadful works of Strype.

ALBERT SCHUMAKER.

Leipzig, Germany, March 3.

GIBBON'S LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Edward Gibbon, according to his literary executor, Lord Sheffield, had the "damned, parson-minded idea of leaving his books to be sold." Beckford, the author of "Vathek," purchased them for £950—"to have something to read when I passed through Lausanne," he says. "I shut myself up for six weeks from early in the morning, until night, only now and then taking a ride. The people thought me mad. I read myself nearly blind. I made a present of the library to my physician" (Dr. Schöll). According to a note in the appendix to George Birkbeck Hill's edition of Gibbon's "Memoirs," p. 339, Dr. Schöll sold half of it to an Englishman named Halliday, living in Switzerland, who, in 1876, gave it to a gentleman in Geneva. "The other half," according to Mr. Hill, "was dispersed by sale, 500 volumes going to an American University."

Can any reader inform me what American university is referred to? If Gibbon made marginal comments like Macaulay, it would be interesting to ascertain his observations.

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

University of Chicago, March 23.

Literature.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by the late Lord Acton, LL.D. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D.; G. W. Prothero, Litt.D.; Stanley Leathes, M.A. Volume VI. The Eighteenth Century. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

The volume of this great work which now lies before us appears as the last but one of the whole series, and covers, broadly speaking, the period from the Peace of Utrecht to the outbreak of the French Revolution. It overlaps Vol. V a little in respect of India, the story of which it takes up from the days of Bábar, as well as in respect of some of the minor European countries. There are in it twenty-four chapters, the composition of twenty-four writers, some of whom, however, contribute more than one chapter, while some contribute only a part of a chapter, so that it is not a case of a different writer for each chapter. Six writers belong to the European Continent—Professors Daniels, Michael, and Hötzsch, who are Germans; Professors Schollenberger and Hubert, who are Swiss, and M. Lemoine, who is French. Several appear in the series for the first time. The best known to the historical world of the United States are Sir Alfred Lyall, Dr. Adolphus W. Ward, Messrs. Armstrong and A. L. Smith of Oxford University, the late Mr. R. Nisbet Bain of the British Museum Library, and Mr. Dunlop, whose long-continued labors in the melancholy field of Irish history have had less general recognition than they deserve. All the chapters are done in the same thorough and business-like way to which we have become accustomed in previous volumes of the series; and in all there is the usual, or perhaps an even greater, abstention from any decorative embellishment of the plain unvarnished facts. Some of these chapters, however, along with the merit of a lucid and carefully exact narrative, present a philosophic appreciation of the forces at work and a discriminating judgment of the characters of the principal historical figures which make them interesting reading. We have nowhere met with a better account, in a concise form, of the policy and personal traits of the Empress Catherine the Second of Russia, than that given here by Professor Hötzsch.

No part of the volume is better done than the few pages in which Sir Alfred Lyall sketches the history of the Moghul Empire in India, singling out its conspicuous features and touching on the characters of the Emperors Bábar and Akbar, with a graphic terseness which makes us wish that he had written a history of this remarkable Asiatic dominion, instead of only one section in a chapter. The experiment made in allotting the career of the elder William Pitt (Lord Chatham), to a German professor, is justified by the intelligent grasp which Dr. Wolfgang Michaels shows both of Pitt's character and of the political situation in England as well as of the state of Europe generally, in the middle of the eighteenth century. The remainder of the chapter, which carries English political history down to 1793, although done with care, seems to want breadth in its presentation of the main currents, for the general features are lost in detailing ministerial changes and party intrigues.

But the most interesting parts of the volume are those which bring on the scene the three leading figures—so far as general European politics are concerned—of the eighteenth century, viz., Frederick II of Prussia, the Emperor Joseph II, and the Empress Catherine II of Russia. Each has a type of character so far from usual in monarchs that it may be described as being among the most striking features of the eighteenth century. These sovereigns were all reformers, in some directions even zealous reformers, ahead of their time; and for that reason just the persons whom the time needed. Each of them had able ministers, but each was abler than any of those ministers, and far more enlightened than the nobility which surrounded their thrones. How much reform there was in the atmosphere of that time appears in the fact that one discovers the propensity even in second or third-rate monarchs, such as Leopold of Tuscany, afterwards the Emperor Leopold the Second, in Stanislas Poniatovski of Poland, and in Christian VI of Denmark, not to mention the far more remarkable Gustavus the Third of Sweden. All these rulers, and notably the last, as well as the first three, were heartily autocratic. With reforms looking towards a more popular government, they had no sort of sympathy. If they had needed any justification for their despotic attitude, they could have found it in the fact that political liberty would, in the first instance at least, have retarded reforms of the administrative and economic order. The nobility was everywhere hostile to any curtailment of its privileges; the masses of the people were unprepared for power, though already becoming restless, and showing by insurrections here and there throughout Europe their growing discontent.

To one who reviews the century as a whole, down to 1789, three things stand out, as giving it a character of its own. The first is the decay of that ancient organization of society, both legal and economic, which had come down comparatively little changed from the Middle Ages. The old privileges of the nobles, the old serfdom among the masses, the old systems of local government in cities and rural areas, were antiquat-

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ed, but continued to stand because, though intelligent men felt them to be obsolete, there was no constructive force to put something else in their place. They would, doubtless, have crumbled away sooner, had not the preoccupation of men's minds with religious passions down to near the end of the seventeenth century helped to turn thought away from them. When religious strife ended, the defects of the old and outworn structure both of society and of the state itself began to be perceived.

The second feature was the emergence of an interest in economic progress, coupled with that revival of economic prosperity which the advent of a period of greater peace had brought. There were, indeed, almost incessant wars in Continental Europe during the century, yet none comparable for ruinous effect on internal prosperity to the Wars of Religion in France or to the Thirty Years War in Germany. The minds of men were now turned towards economic questions. Colonies and trade began to be deemed objects worth negotiating or fighting for, and legislation occupied itself, often, no doubt, in an ignorant and short-sighted way, with commercial questions.

The third was that attitude or tendency which the Germans call the Aufklärung, "a clearing up," which was also a "clearing off" of so many of the beliefs, theories, established doctrines, prejudices, and superstitions which had come down from the Middle Ages and covered the sky of theology, philosophy, politics, and economics. The spirit of free inquiry, and the critical methods which that spirit began to use, acted as a solvent on the whole preëxisting scheme of thought, and on the respect for existing institutions; even those institutions which did not visibly crumble away, were largely undermined, and ready to fall at the first shock. The age of such reforming monarchs as Frederick, Joseph, and Catherine was also the age of Voltaire, Bolingbroke, Montesquieu, Hume, Rousseau, Adam Smith, and the French Encyclopædists. The march of thought as it appeared in the writings of these and other leading intellectual forces kept pace with and sometimes ran beyond the process of disintegration in institutions and the unrest of the masses of the people. There were, of course, great differences between the speed with which one or other change moved onward in different countries. In England, the constitutional changes of the preceding century anticipated the political troubles which might otherwise have arisen, and it was only in Ireland and the North American Colonies of England that the spirit of unrest became formidable. In Spain and Italy the power of the church had maintained a torpid acquiescence in existing conditions. But everywhere else the materials for trouble could be discerned. In the Belgian provinces of the Hapsburgs from one cause, and in their kingdom of Hungary from another, such troubles broke out. In France, externally less disturbed than some of the other countries, the solvent forces of opinion had been working on the largest scale, and it was in France that when the moment for an explosion came, the explosion was most terrible, shaking and rending the whole European Continent. So we may call the eighteenth century the Century of Preparation, as the nineteenth has been that of Destruction and Reconstruction, that in which the political changes towards which Europe had been long slowly ripening were carried through. The influence of the revolt of the American colonies was, it need hardly be said, profoundly important, not only in accelerating the revolution in France, but in its influence on opinion everywhere.

Reverting to the men of the eighteenth century, it is a noteworthy fact that among them we discover, except in America in the person of George Washington, no figure that can be called heroic. The seventeenth century presents not a few striking and impressive persons, some of whom, like Gustavus Adolphus and Oliver Cromwell, have certain heroic attributes. These are not wholly wanting in Henry IV of France and John Sobieski, to whom might perhaps be added Wallenstein. So the nineteenth century has had some men unquestionably of heroic mould. But the temper and spirit of the eighteenth did not breed heroes. With all his splendid gifts of intelligence and will, Frederick II of Prussia is an unattractive, almost a repellent, personality. Perfidious and cold-hearted, it is only in the nation which he raised to a place in the front rank that his talents can secure pardon for his faults. For a hero, even in the Carlylean sense, he offers material hardly better than does Voltaire. The vices of the German-born Catherine of Russia were dissimilar, but even more ignoble. The evidence of her complicity in her husband's death is, no doubt, almost as strong against Mary Stuart of Scotland as is the evidence against Catherine of her privity to the murder of Peter III, and Darnley was not, like Peter, on the point of murdering or divorcing the wife who anticipated him. Yet Mary has still admirers who deem her a heroine. She had a winning grace and a dignity which will make her, with her misfortunes, forever a child of romance. Catherine had no such charms and no one will make a romantic heroine of her. Great abilities and a resolute purpose prevented her defects from ruining, but not from degrading, her career.

The Emperor Joseph the Second, though intellectually inferior to the two last-named rulers, was a man of great talent and of better natural impulses than either of them. He was not so faithless: he had a heart. He loved truth and light. He was a friend, if not of civil liberty, yet of equal civil rights and of religious toleration. His failure through overhaste and want of judgment in the choice of means, to carry out the reforms he had projected, makes him one of the most pathetic among royal figures, and with one exception the only interesting person in the long line of the later Hapsburgs. That exception is his mother. Maria Theresa had something of the heroic in her. Without shining abilities, she had a fresh, strong, genial nature which won for her the devotion of her subjects and makes her still a living creature to us, redeeming the dulness of Vienna by a sort of loftiness and a sense of honor which the other monarchs of her time wanted. When one thinks of those monarchs, of the unscrupulousness of Frederick and Catherine, of the selfish profligacy of Louis XV, of such lethargic or sordid creatures as Anne and Elizabeth of Russia, Christian VI of Denmark, Philip V of Spain, and the first two English Georges, one is less surprised at the popularity which George III obtained during his earlier years in England. Compared to the other kings of his time, and of the time just before, he seemed an exemplary head of his nation.

We have little space left in which to refer to the last chapters of the volume which present a survey of the field of thought and literature. Chapter xxiii, on English political thought, takes up the subject with Hobbes, and carries it down to Bentham and Edmund Burke. There are many clever remarks, but the treatment is unsatisfying. Nor can English thought be dealt with apart from such great writers of the European Continent as Vico, Leibnitz, and Montesquieu. It is particularly strange that we find no treatment of the author of the "Esprit des Lois," whose work was for the field of critical and philosophic history possibly more significant than that of any other serious writer of the century, except Kant. Though himself uncritical in his way of accepting and using data, Montesquieu is, in a sense, one of the founders of the modern scientific method of handling historical and social materials. He marks a new departure.

The last chapter deals with the Romantic movement in Europe. In beginning far back, with Thomson's "Seasons," it does well: there was an undercurrent of feeling for nature and the natural even under the sway of Pope. It is, however, hardly possible to cover in fifteen pages this immense subject within the range of which fall so many splendid and powerful writers, among whom Goethe, Schiller, Wordsworth, Burns, Scott, Coleridge, Rous-

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seau, and Chateaubriand are only the most famous. The central point of the movement is placed in Rousseau. The subject, moreover, is too subtle, too full of varying and interlacing currents of thought and feeling, to be adequately treated by an enumeration of the contributions of different poets or thinkers. Nevertheless, this enumeration has its value. It sets the reader thinking, and makes him look in places where he hardly expected them for streams tributary to the great current of influence which was carrying men's minds and tastes in one sense back to earlier times, but in another and more important sense into a new world, equally unlike the Middle Ages and the centuries that had followed them.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Modern Chronicle. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

It was nearly two years ago that the *Nation* welcomed, in "Mr. Crewe's Career," a marked advance in the mood and the art of a writer whose early novels had seemed to owe their great popularity to the fact that they showed little literary achievement or even promise. We noted that his style was still "without distinction, and often slovenly." But we noted also the absence of his early crudeness and pretentiousness, and the presence of a "ripened and admirable humor." In "A Modern Chronicle" (is the initial C an accident or a fetich with this author?) a still further development is apparent. Mr. Churchill's style can no longer be accused of slovenliness. These five hundred pages are clear of the blundering syntax to which, hitherto, the novelist has seemed cheerfully indifferent. Perhaps he has found an editor; but the supposition seems hardly necessary in view of other indications of Mr. Churchill's steady growth in power both of conception and of execution. "A Modern Chronicle" falls little short of distinction in either respect.

Its theme is that which has so anxiously engaged the attention of the novel-writing public during the past decade—the American marriage. Mr. Herrick, Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Ward, Mr. Phillips—how assiduous they have been in turning the fateful exhibit this way and that, displaying it in all lights, and in quite all shadows, that we might not deceive ourselves as to its form and vesture. Mr. Churchill's present heroine, Honora Leffingwell, conforms pretty closely to the accepted type. She represents, that is, the sort of woman whom our contemporary chroniclers incline to accept as representative. Honora's Southern blood endows her with an air, but her face is set toward New York from the cradle: she is the feminine seeker for the centre of the whirlpool, where she fancies happiness is to be found coincident with the extremes of wealth and fashion. Her father has been a worthless snob and parasite, and an inherited tendency to calf-worship sets her in the wrong path. The right path and the right happiness await her in a quiet St. Louis home, but she does not see them. She marries the first New Yorker who proposes himself, an inherently vulgar person who cannot even give her the life of wealth and fashion she has expected. However, a man of the exclusive set is presently attracted by her, and through him she attains the social goal. Of course, he makes love to her in due course, but it is to another man of similar type that she eventually succumbs. This Hugh Chiltern is rather the least real person in the story—too much the dark villain-hero of conventional romance. Honora gets a Western divorce, so that she may give herself to him, and finds herself cut by "society," which chances to apply a spasmodic scruple to the special instance. Hence much humiliation for the pair, and a beginning of estrangement, destined to be unfulfilled by the lucky accident—or semi-suicide—which cuts him off. Honora becomes a refugee in Paris, and it is not till some years later that she is found and brought to life by the man she should have married in the first place.

By no means a startling plot; but handled with a touch so quiet and firm, a humor so unforced and pervading, as to assure the reader of a satisfaction rarely experienced in the somewhat turbulent field of the American social novel. Mr. Churchill is still a young man. He does not give in to the temptation of over-production, and each of his recent books has shown an increased maturity and power: we shall expect better and better things of him in the future.

The Shoulder-Knot. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. New York: Cassell & Co.

A story based upon a fairly effective idea of the Jekyll-Hyde order, but hopelessly injured by its affectation of manner. The author seems determined to say nothing naturally. One cannot reasonably be taken aback that the heroine is pictured as "that rare thing—a perfectly lovely woman"; rarity in that kind is stranger in truth than in fiction. But when, a few moments after our introduction to her, we overhear her announcing to a maiden aunt: "I would mate with a mountain, or with the sea in storm; nothing calmer could hold me for long," we perceive that we have to deal with no ordinary Helen. On the heels of this announcement the predestined stranger appears. "The new-comer struck seriousness into the tinkling day; he infused drama, he was eloquent of weariness, desire, and struggle. He came from cities, from violence of living; he held no part with the good-tempered hills, with the little, lightly breaking waves, with the bells of silly sheep, and the song of June birds all afire with nesting-time." In short, he will serve: though not a mountain or a sea in storm, he has his advantages—being a poet with a familiar small devil that perches upon his shoulder and is half-visible at times to all observers. The perfectly lovely one has misgivings, but accepts him as her mate. The familiar thereafter increases his power. He turns out to represent an habitual "Sin of Sight"—an obsession which causes the poet to see foul images in all things visible, and which drives him to describe them in his verses. At length even the features of his wife and child seem repulsive to him, and he is halted on the verge of murder and suicide only by a lucky stroke of lightning which blinds and frees him. The conception is not without force of its grewsome kind—a kind which demands, however, the utmost simplicity and sincerity of treatment.

Thurston of Orchard Valley. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Fiction of the Canadian "bush," a comparatively new product, has followed pretty closely thus far the traditions of the British colonial novel. It has been content to deal, with due allowance for local conditions and "color," with the old material. The hero is almost invariably the fine young Englishman, the younger son or the disinherited, who comes to conquer the new life by virtue of blood and breeding. Heroically he takes the axe or crowbar in hand—that hand which becomes so piteously hardened and roughened to the eye of the spectator from home. Dauntlessly, with his own legs, he threads the pathless wild on his predestined way to wealth and the Finest Girl in the Northwest.

Mr. Bindloss is here, not for the first time, satisfied with the rehearsal of this simple but effective parable. His hero is the reigning "Thurston of Crosbie Ghyll" in the old North Country—"like his grandfather, roughed out of the old hard whinstane he is," according to the testimony of his tenants and hereditary subjects. He comes of a race of fighting, drinking, cattle-reiving squires. His acres go to pay for unprofitable mining ventures on the estate; and he makes for Canada, after being jilted by the mercenary maiden of his choice. He has studied engineering, but finds no use for his knowledge in the Northwest, and passes through a rough apprenticeship in logging camps and on the road. At last he stumbles upon a little contract which paves the way for his success as an engineer. The Canadian girl for whom, when once he has glimpsed her, his labors are, is understood to be uncommonly beautiful and virtuous,

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though to the casual eye she appears remarkably like a vixen. At all events, young Thurston is pleased with her, and in the end carries her off with complacency. The narrative is adorned with the familiar gloss of treason and stratagem on the part of predestined adversaries in love and affairs.

The House of Mystery. By Will Irwin. New York: The Century Co.

We are not quite convinced by the character of Mr. Norcross, the railway magnate, who from his office window gazes down sentimentally upon a grave in the churchyard of old Trinity, and who is the easy victim of a clairvoyant in matters sentimental and financial. Nor does Mr. Bulger, his young friend, seem to be quite consistently drawn. Perhaps, too, Rosalie Le Grange, the humble medium, talks too much, while she is rescuing the heroine from the toils of the greater medium, and incidentally also freeing the railway magnate. Apart from these blemishes the story that centres in Mr. Irwin's mysterious house is captivatingly ingenious. High finance, spookish revelations, a fading heroine, a bold lover, a specious rascal, an honest charlatan, all surrounded by an atmosphere highly charged with what New York is coming to signify in fiction—what more could be desired of a novel meant for quick reading?

THE POETICS.

Aristotle on the Art of Poetry: A Revised Text with Critical Introduction, Translation, and Commentary. By Ingram Bywater, Honorary Fellow of Exeter and Queen's Colleges, Oxford. New York: Henry Frowde. $5.25 net.

Mr. Bywater's eagerly awaited edition of the "Poetics" is what was to be expected from the critical and austere scholarship of the editor of Heraclitus. Its strength lies in the constitution of the text, the illustration of usage, and the criticism of single passages rather than in the broad literary interpretation of the whole. A translation, to be sure, is grudgingly added "in conformity to a custom perhaps better honored in the breach"; there are conscientious notes on all debated points of æsthetic or literary theory, and an appendix quotes fifty-seven definitions of *catharsis* in chronological sequence from 1527 to 1899. But the editor's heart is not in these things. He "cannot repress a suspicion that if Aristotle could come back to life again, he would be surprised to find how large a meaning we are able to read into some of his more incidental utterances." And we cannot suppress a suspicion that Aristotle's editor feels more interest in discussing "the relation between the MS. known as Ac and the Renaissance MSS, and the value of the Greek readings which are, or are believed to be, recoverable from the Arabic version." In these discussions Mr. Bywater displays a profound knowledge of the history of the Aristotelian text and of the work of the older commentators, Italian, French, English, and German. He does not seem to have studied with equal care the literature of the past decade. He is apparently unacquainted with Finsler's "Platon und die aristotelische Poetik." He does not refer to Knoke's "Begriff der Tragoedie nach Aristoteles," and he has little to say of the problems with regard to the history of the drama suggested by chapters iii to v of the "Poetics." But, taken all in all, he has produced the most valuable commentary with which we are acquainted, and the English student who can afford to own both this book and Butcher's "Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art" may spare himself the study of the voluminous German literature on the subject.

Into the detail of the commentary it is clearly impossible to enter. A comparison of the two translations would be very instructive. They differ only in points where divergence of opinion is permissible, the chief errors in Butcher's first version having been eliminated in succeeding editions. There is space only to compare their renderings of the famous definition of tragedy. Butcher's version runs:

> Tragedy, then, is an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, the several parts being found in separate parts of the play; in the form of action, not of narrative, through pity and fear, effecting the proper purgation of these emotions.

Mr. Bywater translates:

> Tragedy, then, is the imitation of an action that is serious, and also *as having magnitude* complete in itself; in language with pleasurable accessories, each kind brought in separately in the parts of the work; in a dramatic, not a narrative form; with incidents arousing fear and pity, wherewith to accomplish *its* catharsis of such emotions.

On both the points which we have italicized, we think that Professor Butcher is more nearly right. In σπουδαίας καὶ τελείας μέγεθος ἐχούσης, the participle does not explain τελείας, but adds another item. In 1450 b 24-5, and still more clearly ib. 35-6, Aristotle explicitly tells us that completeness, wholeness, order, may exist without the magnitude essential to æsthetic impressiveness. For the possessive use of τήν (its), Mr. Bywater cites Kühner's grammar. But obviously, where a defining or specifying genitive follows, the article presumably refers to that. And Mr. Bywater offers nothing to defeat this presumption except his belief that τήν is intended to remind us of other forms of purgation mentioned in the "Politics." We do not need this interpretation in order to reach his sound conclusion that "such emotions" need not, on the one hand, be limited to fear and pity, or, on the other, be extended to include all emotions. That "such" may mean the "aforesaid" in Greek is no proof that it must always have that meaning. Aristotle probably used "such" because he did not wish to limit himself to pity and fear, but intended to include, more or less vaguely, associated and cognate feelings.

In the interpretation of *catharsis*, Mr. Bywater, as was to be expected, insists on the rigor of the philological game. Medical purgation is meant, and the genitive relates to the thing purged away, and not to the purified residuum. And if this were a subject for that kind of precision, he would undoubtedly be right. But it is not and never will be possible to express in a formula the total emotional effect of tragedy. And even the author of a vigorous and rigorous theory of the matter may lapse from consistency, as his commentators invariably will, unless they are mere philologists. "Purgation" is, in fact, "purification," and the two ideas are combined in Plato's use of *catharsis*. In the "Politics," Aristotle undoubtedly emphasizes the mere relief, or alleviating discharge; but we need not assume that he wrote the "Poetics" with that page of the "Politics" open before him, or that he ever worked the theory out in a complete and consistent statement either in the last part of the eighth book of the "Politics," as Finsler thinks, or in the lost second book of the "Poetics," as Mr. Bywater assumes. As a matter of fact, music and poetry both relieve and purify or exalt feeling. The equivocal word *catharsis* may express both meanings, and it is neither possible nor necessary to decide how far they were blended and confused in Aristotle's mind as he wrote this sentence. We may only be sure that no philologian will ever succeed in forcing the rigid and exclusive meaning upon poetic and literary students of Aristotle. Even if they begin with mere purgation, they will always slip back into Browning's interpretation:

> . . . . Small rebuked by large,
> We felt our puny hates refine to air,
> Our poor prides sink, prevent the humbling hand,
> Our petty passions purify their tide.

Sir Philip Sidney. By Percy Addleshaw. New York: G. P. Putnam's sons. $3.50 net.

An extraordinary book. The first impression is that it is the work of a mere amateur. Paragraphs without number are to be found which violate all rules as to unity and sequence, while the repetitions are so constant and so manifestly due to ignorance of composition as to exasperate the reader. Thus,

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for instance, Sidney's manner of writing the "Arcadia" is described on page 342 and again at page 351, and of the two the last passage should precede, if both must be retained; Sidney's opinion of his novel is given on page 342 and repeated on page 350, etc., etc. There are many literary illustrations and parallels, often dragged in, as it seems, to impress one with the extent of the author's reading, and with about the same relation to the subject as epic similes to the main action. For example, while talking about Sidney's sister, the author suddenly introduces a two-page paragraph about Horace Walpole, giving some account of Walpole's life, his relations to Gray and Garrick, the apparent object being merely to refer to Walpole's opinion of Sidney. The climax of the absurdity is that this opinion does not refer to the Countess of Pembroke or the "Arcadia" at all.

Unfortunately, this impression that the author is seriously defective in scholarly knowledge, suggested as it is by his style, is deepened by a closer examination of the material. The treatment of Sidney's literary work and of his relations to other men of letters is far from satisfactory. He takes for granted a liaison with Lady Rich, and shows bad taste in the manner in which he writes about it. Even more unsatisfactory is the treatment of the "Defense of Poesy." He repeats that he sees no connection between it and Gosson's "School of Abuse," that the quarrel "will never be understood"; that Spenser's reference to Gosson's dedication ("was for his labour scorned") is not to be comprehended; that the whole quarrel is "abysmally unintelligible." Yet a careful reading of Gregory Smith's introduction to his "Elizabethan Critical Essays," of Professor Cook's edition of the "Defense," or a knowledge of the attack of the Puritans on poetry and romances, or some familiarity with the conventional Elizabethan "complaint" as to the "low state of poetry" as shown in Spenser's "Teares of the Muses" and in dozens of other places, would have rendered the matter anything but "abysmally unintelligible." Wholly absurd, too, is the suggestion (page 360) that Gosson dedicated his work to Sidney as a huge and insulting joke because Sidney was a known patron of the arts. Of course, it was nothing of the sort. Sidney was more or less identified with Puritanism; Gosson represented a phase of the Puritan attack on poetry; and mistakenly thought that by such a dedication he would please Sidney for his zeal and would gain social standing for his cause.

But if the occasion which gave rise to the "Defense" is "abysmally unintelligible" and a matter which "will never be understood," Mr. Addleshaw possesses a fund of information about the Areopagus that will excite keenest envy in the hearts of those who wish that the problems presented by this organization, if organization it were, could be settled. He speaks frequently of its meetings, seemingly as though it were a college literary society; it was at "the meetings of the Areopagus," we are told, that Philip and Spenser "became really intimate"; a rival society was started, and the members of the two societies "abused one another with hearty good will"; Spenser was churlish to object to Ireland, since there he had as good talk "as that afforded at meetings of the Areopagus."

About Spenser, too, he has much to say. The prose tract on the state of Ireland calls forth his righteous indignation; he reiterates his opinion that it is "one of the nastiest contributions ever made to English literature." On this, of course, Mr. Addleshaw has a right to his opinion; indeed, his view, unfortunately, as we think, is the conventional one. Yet Spenser's tract merely expresses a theory of government common in the Elizabethan period; it is no worse than that other much misunderstood document, Machiavelli's "Il Principe"; it only stresses what was the truth, that if Ireland had to be subdued, it were more merciful to the unfortunate people to do the job thoroughly and once for all and so clear the way for constructive policies; and it phrases the conception of the relation of the government to a rebellious colony always maintained by the English, even to the modern days of Indian problems and the Boer war, and maintained by the American Government in the last campaigns of the civil war and in the reduction of the Philippines. Why, then, this hue and cry about Spenser's essay on statesmanship, so expressive of the genius of the race? But to Mr. Addleshaw, this tract damns Spenser forever. "Beautiful as were his dreams and his verses, his life was querulous and not at all beautiful"; yet, "apart from his merits as a poet, he appears to have been a worthy man"; this notwithstanding that his tract on Ireland is "one of the nastiest contributions to English literature"; while the conclusion of the whole matter is that "there is really little to admire in Spenser as a man." After a school-boy blunder by which he confuses the Rosalinde of the "Shepheards Calender" and the Elizabeth of the "Amoretti" (page 269), he speaks of the "Epithalamium" as a poem "of great beauty" and continues, with utter inconsequence, "One cannot help thinking that Spenser was a difficult and even unpleasant man to deal with."

There are many errors in proof-reading, the most noticeable among them being peculiarly unfortunate in that they are proper names. Thus he speaks of James's rage at the allusions to his mother under the pseudonym "Dunessa" (page 270); "Bastia" occurs for "Bestia" in the title to Bruno's satire (page 199); Spenser is said to have lived at "Kilcoltman castle" (page 268); and we also find "Yorrick" (page 160), and "Eupheses" (Euphues) (page 163).

In a word, the book is badly arranged, inaccurate, viciously padded, and the best comment on it is to be found in the words which Mr. Addleshaw applies to Sidney: "He might indeed have thought more and written less with advantage." We have dealt with it at length because it is an example, although exaggerated in its faults, of a whole class of British writers who are inundating the market with amateurish biographies.

The Last King of Poland. By R. Nisbet Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

Probably no Englishman had a better knowledge of the history of Northeastern Europe than the late assistant librarian of the British Museum, R. Nisbet Bain. He was well equipped in his knowledge of the Slavic and Scandinavian languages, active in scholarly research, and possessed of lively historical imagination. His posthumous volume on Poland is as sound as his previous works on Russia and Sweden. It is more than a biography of Stanislaus Poniatowski. It is a history of Poland in the eighteenth century and an analysis of the causes of her fall. Nowhere else in English can there be found a better description of the helplessness of the old Polish Diet, the violence and extravagance of the old Polish nobility, and the poverty and apathy of the peasantry.

This account of the First Partition is valuable, because heretofore the commonly accepted authorities (Beer, Sorel, Koser, and the volume in the Russian Sbornik) are from the diplomatic point of view of Poland's neighbors. Poor Poniatowski has hitherto flitted as a mere ghost behind the diplomatic network, but Mr. Bain makes him a man of real flesh and blood. Both before and after the First Partition he sincerely wanted real reforms in Poland which should check the increasing anarchy and save the republic from the designs of Frederick II and Catherine II. He desired to abolish the *liberum veto* and the right of "confederation" which was equivalent to the right to proclaim civil war. He wanted adequate taxes to support an organized army. And he did not wish to put the Dissenters, as Catherine insisted he should, on an equal footing with the Roman Catholics. For, as he wrote to his adored Madame Geoffrin, if this were done, "I can see nothing but a St. Bartholomew's Eve for the Dissenters and a harvest of Ravaillacs for myself. The Empress would make of my royal mantle a robe of

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Nessus.". That he could have completely succeeded in his attempts at reform is perhaps doubtful, in view of the fact that, six months before his election as King of Poland, Catherine and Frederick had cynically and selfishly signed a solemn secret treaty *not* to allow any of the needed reforms to be made. The treaty of April, 1764, the terms of which as far as they affected Poland were mainly dictated by Catherine and not by Frederick, is the real starting point and ultimate cause of the First Partition eight years later. If Poniatowski, even with such odds against him, had stood firm for reform, he might, so Mr. Bain thinks, have secured some improvements in Poland and possibly even averted the partition. But it was his weakness of character, and Catherine's knowledge of that weakness, which made it possible for her to pursue that reckless policy of interference which led to the partition and eventually to the extinction of Poland. He had not the courage to oppose her vigorously either in diplomacy or by force of arms when she made him her political catspaw in the interests of Russia. Nor was he willing to abdicate. His incurable optimism led him to fancy that, somehow, everything would come right in the end. After the disaster of the First Partition he made sporadic attempts to secure reforms in the constitution and be worthy the name of king, but he achieved no real and permanent successes. The best that can be said of him is that he "meant well," but like so many weak persons who mean well, he could, as Mr. Bain says, "always produce a thousand excellent reasons for going to the devil." He trod too lightly the primrose path of dalliance at a period when Poland needed a great leader to save her from the greed of her neighbors and the folly of her own magnates.

Romanticism, and the Romantic School in Germany. By Robert M. Wernaer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

The frequent and just reproach that literary studies, whether historical or purely critical, lack fundamental brainwork cannot be brought against Dr. Wernaer's book on the German romantics. His pages are steeped in reflection, and though his thinking is not always entirely clear or pertinent in detail, he has firm hold of a central purpose. That purpose is to portray the character and illustrate the failure of pure romanticism, but to plead for it as a constant element in the humanistic art, not only of the past, but of the future.

In this undertaking, Dr. Wernaer is hampered both by the choice of his illustrative material and by the limitations which he has imposed upon himself. He sternly excludes from his survey Hoffmann and Kleist, Uhland and Heine; for these were only followers of the original school, mere *Epigonen* of the pure doctrine of the *Frühromantik!* As a matter of historical fact, this view has, no doubt, an element of truth. But for Dr. Wernaer's thesis, the resultant method is unfortunate, since it wholly neglects the element of personality. A given doctrine depends not only for its effectiveness, but even, in a sense, for its truth, upon the quality of the men whose minds it conquers. Hence to judge the romantic movement by Wackenroder or Tieck or even Novalis is to do it but rude justice. For these writers, interesting enough in their degree, possessed no commanding gifts of either reflection or creation, and to compare them, as Dr. Wernaer does, to Shelley and Keats and Byron, is to play somewhat recklessly with literary values. The German romantics strove after the expression of universal ideas and universal values, the English romantics, at their best, achieved it.

But we do not hold a brief for romanticism. The pure pageantry of dreams has lost its charm, and seems to us, often enough, meaningless and tawdry. The great romantics all transcended it. Those who, like Hugo and Swinburne, did not, live on only as masters of an exquisite but cloying music. And therefore, Dr. Wernaer is right in pointing toward an art in which romanticism is to be but one element. This art—which he calls humanistic—shall be romantic in its richness, freedom, and variety; classic in its sanity, severity, and restraint.

In this prophetic description of the art of the future, Dr. Wernaer neglects the most potent literary force since the rise of romance. Nor is it easy to account for this neglect. For in romanticism itself lay the seeds of realism and naturalism. It is the romantic, not the classic, artist for whom "the visible world exists," and to whom that visible world ends by assuming a painful, but resistless fascination; it is romantic art that discarded, in every modern literature, the typical, generalizing adjective, and, seeking to express the specific quality, the unique aspect, forged the vocabulary of naturalism. The founders of modern realism were all children of the romantic movement. Flaubert wrote not only "Mme. Bovary," but "Salammbo"; Ibsen prophesied in "Peer Gynt," before he preached in "The Pillars of Society"; Zola bewailed the irrepressible romanticism in his own heart. It is because he ignores the ruling literary passion of half-a-century that Dr. Wernaer fails to formulate a sounder doctrine, a more illuminating hope. Not in any vague "obedience to the laws of human life" lies the coming humanistic art, but in the wringing of a new and spiritual beauty from that unflinching honesty of observation which the practice of the great naturalists has revealed.

It is quite clear, however, from what has been said, that Dr. Wernaer's book stimulates the reader to close reflection upon the essentials of literature. And this admirable quality leads one to look forward with interest to other studies from the same hand. But it is to be hoped that in these he will still further revise his text and purge his pages of the many unfortunate Teutonisms which still disfigure them.

Notes.

"The Undesirable Governess," the last of the three novels, by Marion Crawford, left unpublished at the time of his death, is announced by the Macmillans for early in April.

"The Political Theories of Martin Luther," by Luther Hess Waring, is announced by the Putnams.

The annual report of Henry Marcel, director of the Bibliothèque Nationale, published in the *Journal Officiel*, records additions during the past year of 6,079 books and pamphlets, 152,000 periodicals and newspapers, and 7,316 pieces of music; besides 9,547 foreign books, 71,000 foreign reviews and newspapers, 5,500 gift volumes, 347 manuscripts, 529 Greek and Roman coins, 457 engraved gems (the bequest of J. C. Séguin), and 7,980 prints.

"Everything means something, and that something involves our work and destiny," says F. C. Hubbard in the preface to his "Through Library Windows" (Broadway Publishing Co.); and so, in all probability, this book has some latent significance. One emerges at the last page intellectually untroubled, but drenched as with a soft rain of amiable emotion precipitated over "nature, literature, art, and experience." The author tells us what he possesses: a Colonial mansion midway between Boston and New York; a large collection of books and pictures selected and arranged with exquisite taste; a lot 200x400 feet in dimensions containing a river and a wilderness of trees, flowers, and birds; a ripe culture and "a conscious sense of the beautiful." "From the first," he says, "I was keenly susceptible to rich emotions and ecstasies and tears." He writes of all these things very joyously in a mood of staccato revery, sometimes naming his poetical delights with an almost Whitmanian accuracy, sometimes falling into curious grammatical and rhetorical faults—on the whole, suggesting a rather unhappy stylistic medium between that of Richard Jefferies and that of Horace Traubel. Probably the book will make the right kind of reader feel very good and very happy.

"George Meredith, A Primer to the Novels," is the ambiguous compliment in 403 pages, paid by James Moffatt (Hodder & Stoughton) to the so-called Browning of prose fiction. The busy, indolent, or unathletic mind may now master the plots of all the stories without reading any of them. Why those competent to go beyond the primer should need to begin with it is not easy to understand, unless it be intended, like the Lambs' "Tales from Shakespeare," for the very young. Certainly, to have given any occasion for a "primer" re-

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flects terribly upon a novelist, who, we are assured, was an "artist to the finger-tips." The necessity of such a book granted, however, Mr. Moffatt's offering is entirely praiseworthy. His long critical introduction is generally well-balanced, appreciative, and well-written. It is also a pleasure to note that he has apparently read Thomas Love Peacock, an advantage not enjoyed by every critic of Meredith. He presents the plot of each novel clearly and succinctly, and supplies brief, useful annotations on dates, sources, parallels, purple passages, and the like. As a further grace, the book is admirably printed at the Edinburgh Press, on excellent paper with wide margins; it opens readily as a book should; and it is of a most agreeable physical lightness.

In his "Roger Williams: a Study of the Life, Times, and Character of a Political Pioneer" (Grafton Press), Edmund J. Carpenter shows himself a man of candid spirit, broad culture, and well versed in the lore of the period with which he deals. While doing full justice to the virtues and services of his hero, he sets down fairly the limitations of his character and the shortcomings of his long and active career. The estimate of Roger Williams is eminently just; each point, whether of blame or praise, is satisfactorily illustrated from the documents. The defect of the book is a certain absence in parts of good proportion. Such reprobates as Sir Christopher Gardiner, Thomas Morton, and Philip Ratcliffe surely deserve no extended mention in such a sketch; and, on the other hand, the friendship of Roger Williams with Henry Vane, fruitful as it was of good to Rhode Island, and, indeed, in a marked way, of good to humanity in general, should certainly have received more extended treatment. In view of the brief and cursory way in which Mr. Carpenter considers the relations of Roger Williams and Vane, it is fortunate that we have in the same year the special discussion of that memorable intimacy in the "Roger Williams and Sir Henry Vane" of the Rev. Dr. H. M. King. The latter book is a useful supplement to Mr. Carpenter's volume, which, though open to stricture in the way indicated, is nevertheless a work entitled to high praise.

The security of Britain and her oversea dominions has been engaging attention for some years. Public concern, at least in the British Empire, in the question is increasing, and at the Imperial Conferences held in London during the past summer it was much discussed. A volume of special interest in this connection is the recent work of P. A. Silburn, entitled "The Colonies and Imperial Defence" (Longmans.) Mr. Silburn, a member of the Legislative Assembly of Natal, is a colonial who is thoroughly familiar with the views and feelings of the citizens of one of Britain's important self-governing dominions, and hence his contribution to the general discussion of Imperial defence merits consideration. A few of the more significant chapter titles are: The Navy and the Colonies, The Empire—The Army, The Political Element in Defence, The Eastern Factor, An Imperial Council of Defence, and, Wanted—An Imperial Defence Policy. The author, after briefly outlining the territorial and political expansion of the British Empire, devotes a chapter to The Component Parts of Empire, in which, in addition to other facts, he summarizes the defence resources of each individual dependency. Apropos of the problem of defence is his treatment of the thorny question respecting colonial contributions to the British navy. He mentions the increasing popularity in the colonies of the axiom that "a navy of present or future strength is the requisite of England alone, be she the possessor of colonies or not; and, therefore, the colonies should no more be called upon to contribute to this navy than they should contribute to the London County Council." The policy favoring independent colonial navies, assiduously advocated by many colonial statesmen, is finding support in certain quarters in the United Kingdom. Mr. Silburn, therefore, would give a more literal rendering to the prefix "Royal" as applied to England's Navy, and would have it entirely controlled, as "a homogeneous body," from the British Isles. On the other hand, he would add the prefix "Imperial" to the Army of Britain and would have it in reality of empire significance. The volume is well stocked with facts and tables of statistics, and will form an excellent reference book. Some care, however, should be exercised in accepting all the opinions and generalizations of the author, a few of which are somewhat inclined to be partisan.

The Academy of Pacific Coast History, Berkeley, Cal., publishes as the second and third numbers of its first volume "The Official Account and the Diary of the Portolá of 1769-1770," the earliest report by white men of the discovery of the Bay of San Francisco. This will be followed by other documents relating the Spanish occupation and survey of that important harbor and region. The Spanish text is given with an English translation and an adequate introduction. The California Promotion Committee publishes also (San Francisco, 1909) an account of the March of Portolá by Z. S. Eldredge, accompanied by documents and handsome illustrations, the most valuable a photograph of the earliest map of San Francisco Bay. The Spaniards have been displaced and have almost vanished. They are "the other men" who labored. We have entered into their labors, and it behooves us to preserve with care the records of these half-forgotten forerunners.

Except for the pleasure it may have given G. Grinnell-Milne to prepare it, we see no good reason for the existence of his volume, "Tales from Tasso and Other Poems and Translations" (London: David Nutt). His purpose is to furnish a prose epitome of "La Gerusalemme Liberata," interpolating from time to time metrical translations of passages that please him. The translations are neither close to the original nor within hailing distance of even third-rate poetry. His own poem, "Ginevra," has all the attributes of stilted prose, and if it were not printed as blank verse, the reader might not suspect it was intended for that. By using paper as thick as grocer's wrapping paper, the publisher has produced a volume nearly two inches thick. One wonders how much longer the British public will put up with book-making of this sort. In America, where the pressure on shelf space in our libraries is becoming acute, publishers aim at proper compactness.

"The Economics of Railway Transport," by Sydney Charles Williams (Macmillan & Co.), is an attempt to emphasize the bearings of economic principles upon the practical business operations of railways. The writer's familiarity with economic theory was obtained largely at Cambridge under Prof. Alfred Marshall, while his knowledge of the actual working of railways has been derived both from a study of the standard works on the subject and as a consequence of his duties as secretary to the agent of the East Indian Railway. The major portion of the volume is divided into two parts, dealing, respectively, with the construction, equipment, and operation of railways, and with the distribution and consumption of "the commodity of transport." As an introduction, however, to the main questions under consideration, there is given a brief historical survey of the evolution of both land and water transportation, and an account of the relation of transportation to the various processes of production, distribution, and consumption. It is somewhat difficult to discover, in Book I, anything of importance which may be characterized as new, for the various chapters deal, in a cursory fashion, with such questions as gauge, alignment, curvature, gradients, size of cars and trains, fluctuations in and classification of freight traffic; all of which subjects are more or less familiar questions even to subordinate officials in the mechanical or operating departments of railways. In Book II, however, the subject-matter is more of an economic than of a mechanical character, and the discussions centre around the very important and highly intricate questions of freight rates and passenger fares. In connection with these, the bearing of economic doctrines upon price determination is well presented. From what already has been said concerning the author, it would be but natural to expect that the illustrations of those principles which are set forth in the text should be taken largely from British and Indian railways, and such is the case. One can scarcely refrain from criticising the writer in his frequent use of foreign words and phrases which, to the great mass of present-day readers of works within the field of transportation, are little more than meaningless. It is also to be regretted that, in many instances, the references have been contained in the text rather than set apart in footnotes.

"Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century as Represented in the Pictures and Engravings of the Times" (3 vols., Dutton) is translated from an unspecified original, presumably German, by M. Edwardes. These volumes, covered with gold dotted percale, and provided with numerous color prints, are intended for an honorable place on drawing room tables, and well deserve that dignity. The text, however, is readable and accurate beyond the wont of such compilations, and since not merely pictures—the selection is admirable—and more or less fanciful prints but also actual fashion-plates are generously reproduced, the illustration has documentary worth. These books would neatly beguile a wait for one's hostess, or serve the more serious purpose of suggesting a fancy dress for a costume party.

"The Two Empires, the Church and the

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World" (Macmillan) contains lectures given by the late Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott while professor of divinity in Cambridge. They deal principally with the conflict between the church and the empire until the victory of Christianity under Constantine. The concluding chapters set forth in considerable detail Constantine's relation to the church and the work of the Council of Nicæa. The lectures, which were written many years ago, contain little that is novel, and are of no special importance to the historical student, but they are marked throughout by the learning and sound judgment for which the late Bishop of Durham was justly famed, and they will be found interesting and profitable by many readers.

The notable success of the "Dictionary of the Bible" edited by the Rev. James Hastings, and the "Encyclopædia Biblica" of Canon Cheyne, has led to the issue of several smaller works, differing somewhat in point of view. The most recent is "The Temple Dictionary of the Bible" (Dutton), edited by the Rev. W. Ewing, M.A., and the Rev. J. E. H. Thomson, D.D., clergymen who have had the benefit of residence in Palestine. In a large, heavy volume of above 1,000 pages the usual titles in such works are treated succinctly, but with careful scholarship and in good proportion. The writers are conservative, and their purpose is evidently to counteract the influence toward critical positions exercised by the larger dictionaries. Advanced views are stated, but always with argument on the other side. The illustrations, which are numerous, are excellent and convey needed information. On subjects which do not require critical judgment this dictionary is valuable, but for historical study, based on literary appreciation of the documents, it is misleading.

Two volumes of ten hundred and thirty-two pages, nine hundred and five subjects, with two hundred and forty illustrations, and a bibliography equivalent to a small volume, constitute the external features of Dr. S. Seligman's "Der böse Blick" (Berlin: Hermann Barsdorff), a scholarly history of "The Evil Eye," resulting, the distinguished ophthalmologist tells us, from his attempt, twenty years ago in a German high school, to hold forth on "Hypnotism and Mesmerism," when both *Schüler* and manuscript were summarily shown to the door. Not a period in the record of man, or a nook or corner of the globe where darkness has contended with light, appears to have been passed over. Northern, Middle, and Southern America, as well as troubled New England, receive attention that seems adequate, unless it be a mistake to present the Indian, and also the negro in Africa, as believers in the evil effects of vision, and to omit the black man in the United States. The bibliography is effectively divided into seventy-one pages of authorities—a very formidable array—alphabetically arranged, and a special list of authors is quoted after each chapter. The main catalogue includes, among other American writings, the well-known memoir on serpents by Benjamin Smith Barton, so long rightly or wrongly credited with being the first American to graduate from a German university, and who, because of his early residence in Hanover, long ago became known to German scientists.

David Josiah Brewer, an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, died of apoplexy at his home in Washington, on Monday night, at the age of seventy-two. He was born in Smyrna, Asia Minor, was graduated at Yale in 1856, and at the Albany Law School in 1858, and began to practise at Leavenworth, Kansas, in the following year. He was a United States commissioner in 1861-62, judge of the probate and criminal courts of Leavenworth County in 1863-64, judge of the district court in 1865-69, county attorney in 1869-70, a justic of the Supreme Court of Kansas in 1870-84, and a judge of the United States Circuit Court in 1884-89, in which year he was appointed an associate of the United States Supreme Court. In 1896 he was a member of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission, and, in 1899, of the British Venezuelan Arbitration Tribunal. His publications include "The Pew to the Pulpit," "The Twentieth Century from Another View Point," "American Citizenship," "The United States a Christian Nation."

Charles Sprague Smith, director of the People's Institute of this city, died early yesterday morning, after a week's illness of pneumonia, at the age of fifty-six. He was born in Andover, Mass., was educated at Amherst College, and also studied at Berlin, Paris, Oxford, and elsewhere in Europe. He was professor of modern languages and foreign literature at Columbia in 1880-91, and a lecturer there after 1887. He organized and became president of the Comparative Literature Society in 1895, and in 1897 had a prominent part in founding the People's Institute, of which he became, and had since been, managing director. He had published "Barbizon Days" and "Working with the People."

Prof. J. P. Shorter of Wilberforce University, a widely known negro educator, died last Friday at Xenia, O.

Kathinka Schücking Sutro, widow of Emil Sutro, died on March 24 at the Hotel San Remo, in New York, at the age of seventy-five. She was born at Osnabruck. She wrote many novels, two of which are: "In Two Hemispheres" and "Dr. Zernowitz." Her novel "Dr. Zernowitz" won a prize offered by the Cincinnati *Volksblatt*. Her father was a judge of the Supreme Court in Germany, and one of her brothers was the poet, Levin Schücking.

Sir Thomas Drew, president of the Royal Institute of Architects of Ireland in 1891-1901, and of the Royal Society of Antiquaries in 1895-97, died recently, at the age of seventy-one. He had done important work in the restoration of the cathedrals of Armagh, Christ Church, and St. Patrick.

James O'Connor, the Nationalist member of Parliament for West Wicklow, an associate of O'Donovan Rossa in the publication of the *Irish People* in 1863, and a participant in the "Fenian Conspiracy" (for which he was sentenced to penal servitude for seven years), died last week at Kingstown, County Dublin, Ireland, at the age of seventy-four.

Dr. Walter A. Copinger, professor and dean of the faculty of law in the Victoria University of Manchester since 1892, died last week at the age of sixty-two. His publications include "Index to Precedents," "An Essay on the Abolition of Capital Punishment," and "Law of Copyright."

Félix Bouvier, the French historian, died recently at the age of fifty-seven. His principal work was entitled "Bonaparte en Italie: 1796."

Baron Joseph Alexander von Helfert, the historian of the Austrian Revolution of 1848, died last week in Vienna at the age of eighty-nine. He is believed to have been the last surviving witness of the ascension of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and was one of the few remaining members of the Diet of that year. He had a prominent part in the political happenings which followed the downfall of the Bach system in 1859, and was conspicuous in conservative Bohemian politics until 1880. He wrote much about various phases of the Austrian revolutionary movement, his more important works including "Geschichte Österreichs vom Ausgang des Wiener Oktoberaufstandes 1848," and "Der Prager Juniaufstand 1848."

Ernst Holzer, an authority on Nietzsche and the poet Schubart, died recently in Vienna at the age of fifty-four.

Oskar Jäger, the German historian and educator, died recently at the age of seventy-nine. He became professor of pedagogics at the University of Bonn in 1901. His many publications include histories of Greece and Rome, and of the Punic Wars; "Wycliffe und seine Bedeutung"; "Weltgeschichte," in four volumes, and a "History of Germany," which was published just before his death.

Adolf Tobler, for forty-two years professor of Romance philology at the University of Berlin, died last week, at the age of seventy-four. He was a native of Hirzel, Canton Zürich, Switzerland, took his doctor's degree at the university there, and then began the study of the Italian and French languages, and in 1867 was appointed to the recently established chair of Romance philology at Berlin. At the time of his death he was preparing a lexicon of Old French. His many publications include "Mitteilungen aus altfranzösischen Handschriften," "Vom französischen Versbau alter und neuer Zeit," and "Vermischte Beiträge zur französischen Grammatik."

Science.

Exercise in Education and Medicine. By R. Tait McKenzie, A.B., M.D., Professor of Physical Education, and Director of the Department, University of Pennsylvania. 8vo. 406 pages. 346 illustrations. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $3.50 net.

The author of this attractive volume makes his appeal to a large public—to teachers and physicians, as well as to those professionally concerned with physical training. He takes the ground that the merits of systematized exercise have been obscured by the variety of systems and the one-sided advocacy of them, and particularly by the failure of the medical profession to recognize its true import. The effort to correct all this is not altogether successful because many of his statements, particularly in the first part which deals with healthy persons, lack precision and justification.

In the earlier chapters on the physiol-

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ogy of exercise and on massage and passive motion, while much is admirable, there is a good deal of doubtful matter, and the explanation of methods and results is not always sufficient or clear. Too much reliance is placed on the experiments and conclusions of others, taken often at second hand, and these are not noted with sufficient fulness to give the reader a really good foundation. The rest of this part is much better done and is decidedly interesting. Here we have a moderately full but rather uncritical description of exercise by apparatus, and a good account of the systems of physical training which are commonly known as German and Swedish. The incidental sketch of Jahn hardly does justice to his erratic and varied career. Certain other systems are held to be of less importance. The Japanese *jiudo* (or *jiu jitsu*) McKenzie considers to have no permanent influence on training; the methods based on a doctrine of concentration (Sandow and others) have a "tabloid" character of some value but lack the fundamental principle of coördination, and also involve undesirable strains; the Delsarte system has been of service in developing the gospel of relaxation, some of whose advocates, particularly Miss Call, are designated as making real contributions to physical education.

The chapters on playgrounds and municipal gymnasiums, with much text and many pictures, are very suggestive, and those on physical training in schools and colleges are valuable, although rather didactic and not always quite clear; also very interesting are the accounts of what may be done for the blind, the deaf-mute, and the mentally or morally defective in the way of gymnastic exercises.

The second part of the book deals with the application of exercise to pathological conditions. What is said about flat-foot, scoliosis, and obesity is pretty good, and the treatment of the diseases of the circulation is fairly good. Less satisfactory is the consideration of gout, diabetes, and other diseases of nutrition, and the section on hernia is unconvincing. The final chapters on the treatment of nervous diseases, and especially of locomotor ataxia, go also almost too far afield and seem likely to tempt the physical trainer to magnify his office yet more and to undertake too much where often he ought not to interfere at all.

As was to be expected, Dr. McKenzie shows a keen interest in the æsthetics of exercise. Not only is his book very well, even handsomely, printed and remarkably free from misprints, but he has filled it with good illustrations of apparatus, methods, and conditions, of which only a few are perhaps superfluous; but he also reproduces his own figure of the ideal college athlete, unfortunately a little too vaguely printed, and the four faces he has modelled to show types of exertion, fatigue, or exhaustion. The first of these is said to represent violent effort as seen in hammer-throwing, sprinting, or in the spurt of a long race. This apparently needs some qualification, for nearly if not quite the same expression may be seen in much less violent exercise; we have seen it on the serving line in a very ordinary game of tennis played by very ordinary players where the effort was hardly of this class. Evidently individual peculiarities are quite as much in play.

"Air and Health" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by R. C. Macfie, is a recent volume of the well-known series of popular treatises on medical subjects. Only a small part of the book is given up to the physiology of the respiratory processes. On the whole this is pretty well done, although the writer glides lightly over the essential difficulties of tissue respiration. The rest of the book treats of more purely practical matters in an attractive and instructive way. There are excellent sections on moisture, dust and other impurities of the air, ventilation, and climate, and the discussion of all these subjects is not only fresh, but happily free from dogmatism. The story of the discovery of the composition of the atmosphere from Mayow, here without explanation called Mayou, down to Ramsey is rapidly but well told, and another final chapter presents briefly but clearly the claim of the open-air treatment of consumption and the yet newer claims of the open-air school.

Lieut. Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton, the British Antarctic explorer, who is visiting this country, was awarded a medal by the American Geographical Society, in this city, on Monday evening.

An American experiment station for agricultural research is about to be established at the foot of Mt. Carmel in Palestine, seven miles from Haifa. The aim of its founders, philanthropic Jews of this country, is to put the Jewish colonists and farmers of Palestine in a position to carry on agriculture in a rational and progressive manner. The director, Aaron Aaronsohn, is especially adapted for the position, having spent fourteen years in agricultural and botanical explorations throughout that region, during which he has become deeply impressed with the remarkably close agricultural resemblance between California and Palestine. This new research institution will go far, says David Fairchild of the Department of Agriculture, "towards introducing American methods in the study of agricultural problems throughout the whole Mediterranean region and facilitate the exchange of plant industries between that region and the United States."

Alexander Agassiz, the eminent naturalist and president of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, died last Sunday, at the age of seventy-four, on the steamship Adriatic, bound from Southampton for New York. He had been heard from frequently since he went abroad about New Year's, and, so far as his intimates knew, he was in the best of health. He was born in the little city of Neuchâtel, in the Jura Mountains, Switzerland. His father was Louis Agassiz, the naturalist and scientist, and his mother Cécile Braun, sister of Alexander Braun, the famous botanist and philosopher. The young Agassiz's early education was had in Europe; he graduated at Harvard in 1855, and at the Lawrence Scientific School there in 1857, after which he spent three years in the chemical department. He became associated with the United States Coast Survey, in California, in 1859, and in the winter of 1859-60 collected specimens in Panama and Acapulco for the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge. He then studied zoölogy and geology in the Lawrence Scientific School, of which he was appointed assistant in zoölogy. In 1865 he became connected with the Calumet mine, and in 1869 was made president of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company. He was assistant curator of the museum at Cambridge from 1869 until his father died in 1874, when he became curator. It is estimated that he had given to Harvard more than $1,000,000, mostly in the way of collections and improved equipment, much of which he quietly caused to be installed, and then paid for without mentioning the matter. His publications include "Seaside Studies in Natural History" (with Mrs. Agassiz), "Marine Animals of Massachusetts Bay," "Explorations of Lake Titicaca," "Coral Reefs of Florida," etc.

Prof. J. Rayner Edmands, who for twenty-five years was associated with the observatory staff of Harvard University, died last Saturday at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, at the age of sixty.

James Campbell Brown, professor of chemistry at Liverpool University, died last week at the age of seventy. He took a prominent part in the founding of Liverpool University College, and became professor of chemistry in Liverpool University when that institution was founded. He had published many works on chemistry and chemical research.

Commodore Andreas Peter Hovgaard, the Danish Arctic explorer, died last week at the age of fifty-six. He was a member of Nordenskiöld's expedition of 1878, and in 1882 commanded an expedition bound for the North Pole, and also to search for the Jeannette, but was obliged to winter in the Kara Sea.

Dr. Hans Landolt, professor of chemistry at the University of Berlin from 1891 to 1905, died recently at the age of seventy-eight. Since his twentieth year Dr. Landolt had been engaged in chemical research, especially in the domain of physical chemistry, a branch of science which he did much to develop. Besides many monographs he had published (with Börnstein) "Physikalisch-chemische Tabellen."

Drama.

The production of "The Winter's Tale" in the New Theatre on Monday evening proved to be by far the best Shakespearean performance yet given in that house. In many respects it was the most satisfactory histrionic achievement yet accomplished by the organization. This was due partly to the fact that the piece was given in the so-called Elizabethan fashion, which

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permitted most of the text to be spoken in its proper order, making the story more intelligible and maintaining an unbroken interest, but mainly because the acting was generally of a superior character. If none of the male actors was especially brilliant, nearly all were competent, while the principal female parts were in uncommonly strong hands. Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, indeed, as Hermione, and Miss Rose Coghlan as Paulina, easily divided all the chief honors of the evening between them. No finer impersonation of the wronged queen of Leontes than that presented by Miss Matthison has been seen since the days of Helen Faucit. The actress offered a superb picture of outraged womanhood, high courage, lofty scorn, and pathetic endurance, and, at the last, when the death of Mamillius followed the defiance of the oracle, of stony despair. In the statue scene her acting was replete with grace, tenderness, and spiritual beauty. Her diction, as always, was admirable. Miss Coghlan, one of the most accomplished of living actresses, found her great opportunity, of course, in the tirades of Paulina, which she delivered with a steadily increasing vehemence of passion, though never degenerating into rant. No male actor approached either of these ladies in excellence, or in Shakespearean spirit, but Mr. Bruning played Autolycus with abundant vitality, if no very deep insight, and Ferdinand Gottschalk, who appears to have a special faculty for the interpretation of Shakespearean humor, furnished a clever sketch of the country clown. The allegation of the programme that the piece was presented in the manner of Shakespeare's time must not be taken literally. The stage was approximately Shakespearean in design and form, having an inner and outer area, gallery, etc., but in spaciousness and general convenience was far in advance of any Elizabethan structure. Many of the groupings, indeed, with the handsome arras in the background, were pictorial in a high degree. But this only added to the attractiveness of a remarkable performance, which showed, among other things, that spectacular scenery, instead of being beneficial to Shakespeare, is much more likely to be a detrimental incumbrance.

The revival, by Mrs. Fiske, in the Lyceum Theatre, of Ibsen's "The Pillars of Society," will prove interesting, doubtless, to students of the Norwegian dramatist—as a specimen of his work during his transitional period—but can scarcely be regarded now as an event of much dramatic importance. The piece has more of ordinary human feeling and impulse in it, than most of his later social plays, and is not lacking in effective theatrical situation, but it is not a good specimen of his constructive skill, is much over-burdened with insignificant talk and improbable detail, and already begins to show the marks of age very clearly. Its philosophy, founded upon restricted observation, was never profound or universal in its application, while its conclusion is too purely fanciful and theatrical to be impressive. The present representation is of respectable but in no way remarkable quality. Mrs. Fiske is better suited in the part of Lona Hessel than in some others in which she has been seen lately, and Holbrook Blinn plays Bernick with comprehension and force. Sheldon Lewis furnishes a clever character study of the ship carpenter, Aune. Concerning the other players individual comment is unnecessary.

"The Stage History of Shakespeare's King Richard the Third," by Alice I. P. Wood, Ph.D. (Columbia University Press), is a careful compilation of existing material on the subject of the play. Its six chapters treat "Richard the Third in its Relation to Contemporary Plays," "Richard the Third on the Elizabethan Stage," "Richard the Third and the Drama of the Restoration," "The Cibber Version of Richard the Third," "From Garrick to Irving, 1741-1897," and "Richard the Third in America." To these chapters is added a bibliography. Dr. Wood writes intelligently of her material, but hardly makes her own contribution in the discussion as salient as is desirable. Perhaps the most interesting point established by her is the persistent success in the English-speaking world of Colley Cibber's version of the play. It seems a pity that Dr. Wood could not have added to her consideration of the changes in the text made by each of the great actors a larger number of citations showing the differences in interpretations of the leading part by them. Even as it is, however, the book, for its careful compiling and the many valuable references provided by the copious footnotes, must be useful.

"The White Flame," in four acts, by Luke North (The Golden Press, Los Angeles), is a drama of reincarnation, in which Egyptian mysticism, Buddhism, Brahminism, Pythagoreanism, and modern theosophy are strangely blended. Dealing in semi-serious, idealistic fashion with the fascinating subject of the immortality of the soul, or spirit, it is cleverly written, although it does not suggest any intimate familiarity with ancient speculation on the subject or any special originality of imagination. It does, however, make ingenious use of common ideas and tells an interesting fable. The main thesis seems to be that for each male spirit there is a supplementary female affinity; that these kindred souls—after various reincarnations of disciplinary experience—ultimately may reach a state of spiritual perfection, free from all taint of fleshly grossness, after which they are mutually absorbed into one sexless, immortal, angelic individuality. This is what is supposed to happen in the case of the hero and heroine, who are first introduced as lovers and pupils of a mystical adept in the early days of Egyptian civilization, and then again as guests in a modern mansion, where they recognize each other and renew their former relations, with a supreme indifference to the matrimonial and other obligations incurred before their pre-ordained reunion. Then they part again to die and, in the closing allegorical scene, the shade of their old Egyptian teacher appears to set the seal, as it were, upon the final amalgamation of their now purified souls. This, of course, is a piece of wildly fantastic symbolism, but the play in intent and idea is poetic and inspiring. The affinity of which it treats is intellectual, moral and predestinate. But the author, like many other dreamers, overlooks the fact that in practical operation it would result in the destruction of the present social fabric, unless the pre-ordained affinities were carefully sorted out from the beginning.

Music.

Studies in Musical Education, History, and Æsthetics. Fourth Series. Published by the Music Teachers' National Association. $1.60.

The papers and proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association at its thirty-first annual meeting, which was held in Evanston, Ill., are presented to the public in this volume of 252 pages. The editor is Waldo S. Pratt of Hartford, Conn., from whom copies may be obtained. As usual, there is a great variety of topics, some theoretical, others practical. The president of the association, Rossetter G. Cole, in discoursing on musicians and musicianship, remarks that one can hardly say whether Wagner's pure musicianship was greater or finer than Beethoven's and Mozart's; but his outlook upon the whole world of art and literary culture was vastly more comprehensive and varied, and this increased his ability to use music as an adequate and effective means of expression. Peter Christian Lutkin calls attention to the great possibilities of sound music-teaching. He is convinced that for every really fine singing voice there are hundreds of other voices which would have been equally fine had the opportunity for development been given them. "The great majority of the human race could sing, and sing well, if proper attention were given at the proper period." Edward Bailey Birge preaches sound doctrine regarding school music. If the children of a school building, from the youngest up, have opportunities often enough of hearing good music well played, we need have no worry, he thinks, about their musical taste later. "The prime requisite in this work is to *listen*, listen again and again, and leave the meaning and form of music to take care of itself." Nine schools in Indianapolis have supplied themselves with "piano-players," in which Mr. Birge has much confidence. Twice a week a recital is given, the titles of the pieces being written on the board. Memory tests are made once a month by playing parts of pieces and letting the pupils write the titles and the names of the composers on paper; and this test they enjoy hugely.

Ernest R. Kroeger gives an amusing account of the diverse "methods" of music-teachers and the uses they make of them to allure students. Arthur Foote descants on the litter of rubbish in books on counterpoint and harmony that has been bequeathed to us from past days, and which we are just begin-

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ning to rid ourselves of. He notes that in modern music chords of the ninth are coming to be used with the freedom of sevenths; but real chords of the eleventh and the thirteenth are not easy to find, nor does he think that "we are yet clear in our minds about them." Some musical treasures of the Newberry Library in Chicago are described by William N. C. Carlton, and Albert A. Stanley gives an account of last year's international musical congress in Vienna. Other papers relate to the present status of music in our colleges, while Waldo S. Pratt contributes notes about Practical Church Music, in which, among other things, he considers the three purposes of such music. This ought to interest all church-goers. Opera-goers will be cheered by Karlton Hackett's paper on the Possibilities of Opera in America. The present musical life in Germany forms the subject of a valuable contribution by Adolf Weidig, formerly of the Spiering Quartet. When he was a student, an eminent professor told him that Mendelssohn's music would outlive Wagner's, and in the conservatories even Brahms was tabooed as being too modern. To-day, everybody does honor to Richard Strauss, although, as Mr. Weidig wittily remarks, "his achievements in the field of opera are much more admired for their impossibilities than for their possibilities." Berlin is at present the centre of the musical universe. The number of concerts given there in one season exceeds nine hundred, and there are over ninety newspapers which print musical criticisms. It is for these criticisms that hundreds of young musicians give concerts which cost them much money—usually earned by teaching. Yet the tiny bit of fame thus secured "lasts just about as long as that one edition of the papers in which the criticisms of the concert appear."

In our review of "American Primitive Music" (*Nation*, February 24), we should have corrected the author's assertion that Dr. Theodore Baker is a German. He is an American, and was born in New York.

The latest novelty at the Brussels Opera is a lyric drama in three acts by Pierre de Bréville, a pupil of César Franck, who had previously written incidental music to two plays by Maeterlinck. The name of the new opera is "Eros Vainqueur."

Two hundred years had elapsed on March 12 since the birth of Thomas Augustine Arne. Of him it has been said that he was the most thoroughly national of all English song writers, and that his songs "formed an era in English music." Yet he is now known by a bare handful of tunes, as the London *Times* laments.

Jean Paul ("Harry") Prendiville, a prolific composer and arranger of band and orchestral music, died last Thursday at his home in Worcester, Mass., at the age of sixty-two.

Dr. David Duffie Wood, the blind organist of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, died last Sunday in that city at the age of seventy-two. He had been totally blind since he was three years old. He graduated at the Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind in 1856. His compositions comprised chiefly songs and anthems.

Leopold Demuth, the German baritone singer, died recently at the age of forty-eight. He was a member of the Vienna Hof-opera company, and sang at Bayreuth in 1899.

Art.

PICTURE FRAUDS.

Irrespective of the outcome of the Clausen trial in New York, the plaintiff has done a public service. Believing that false pictures had been sold him, Mr. W. T. Evans appealed to the courts for redress. If collectors generally would follow his example a base traffic would soon be checked. That this kind of courage is exceptional the testimony in the trial shows. Ordinarily, the most that a victimized amateur will do is to demand restitution of his money, sending the fraudulent pictures back to be sold to somebody else. There are a number of dealers who frequently redeem the worse than rubbish they have sold. They can well afford to do so, since for one collector whose suspicions are aroused a hundred remain in complacent possession of their bargains. The result is that thousands of picture forgeries of the ancient schools, and of the French and American schools of the last century, have been distributed. They crowd our collections of the middle class, are bequeathed to widows and children as valuable assets, some even get into public museums.

Such is the result of tolerating the tricky picture-dealer. Meanwhile, the situation is well known. Constantly collections that come into our better auction-rooms are rejected or weeded out for this reason. Whole galleries accepted as collateral have been condemned by experts. Certain dealers frequently take back pictures without challenge or even perfunctory attempt at authentication. These things are notorious. They are talked over where men meet; the names of the dishonest dealers are known, their stalking horses, sometimes men high in financial and artistic circles, operate unrebuked. There seems to be a general assumption of the grotesquely immoral position that a picture dealer may make any misrepresentation or practise downright swindling if only he agrees to pay up whenever he is caught. A gambling hell could not long be run upon those principles, and yet some of our best citizens acquiesce in such systematic and unblushing fraud. Let us for a moment imagine this tolerance extended to any other business—to dry goods, building materials; and we shall not fail to see its preposterousness. Why, the law protects our stomachs, and says that chalk shall not be sold for flour. Do not our eyes deserve an equal consideration? Will decent men in any other business relations admit that sheer swindling calls for no penalty save annulment of the transaction?

We must insist that the evil has grown so great through a deplorable lack of courage on the part of those most nearly concerned. A narrow vanity keeps some lips closed. Mere laziness holds others inactive. A profound selfishness is manifest everywhere. "My money has come back," seems to be the argument, "why should I put myself out to save other men from the thimble-riggers?" That this is poltroonery need not be argued. The decent attitude of a man who has unearthed a den of thieves is not self-congratulation that he may frighten them into giving back his watch, but one of vigilance for the community. Moral indignation should outweigh personal enterprise. An elementary duty, in such a case, is to call for the police and have the gang arrested. To do otherwise would be virtual collusion in thievery. Yet scores of self-respecting and highly esteemed citizens have taken this supine attitude towards flagrant swindling in the picture trade.

What we need is a little elementary moral sense and civic courage. What these picture rogues fear above all things is exposure. In the light of day their traffic cannot live. We honestly believe that a handful of public-spirited collectors could drive the conspicuously fraudulent dealers and intermediaries out of our market. At least the power of the system could be broken and its product degraded to anonymity and the cheap auction-rooms. At present the system does a maximum of harm. Generally speaking, the wealthy collector escapes—to cheat him, or at least to cheat him too often and outrageously, is obviously impolitic. As for the little bargain-hunter, his stake is small; he usually buys without guarantee actual or implied, and is fully able to take care of himself. The burden of dishonest picture-selling falls upon persons of artistic taste and restricted means. Many collectors of this type must keep investment values in view. The auctioneers and the honest picture dealers could tell many a story of sore disappointment when widows or orphans have learned that what was supposed to represent a little competence was actually worthless.

An issue of taste comes to reinforce that of common honesty. It is these collections of middling estate that are setting the artistic standards of the country. From such sources the smaller museums are replenished. Here æsthetic and moral confusion go hand in hand. We know of a collection that was left to a city on condition that a museum should be built to contain it. On ex-

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pert scrutiny its renowned examples of the Barbizon school turned out to be specious forgeries. The executor, on learning the truth, merely remarked that to publish it would make trouble, and that in any case the city would get the museum building. Here is the nub of the matter. So long as collectors are willing to stand for false pretences, and to tolerate merchants whose obliquity is notorious, just so long worthless fabrications will mask as masterpieces. The moment our amateurs will deal manfashion with this evil and hale the swindlers to the bar, the whole base traffic will assume its normal artistic and commercial insignificance.

It was the intention of the late Charles T. Yerkes to leave his house and art collection to New York city. Through certain embarrassing conditions of the bequest and subsequent business complications affecting the estate, what was intended for the city is to be dispersed at auction. During the present week the rugs and pictures are being shown at the galleries of the American Art Association. The sale is next week. Mr. Yerkes's old masters are the most important lot that has ever come into an American auction room. In spite of such merely hopeful attributions as Holbein, Dürer, Memling, Luini, Gerard David, Murillo, Ghirlandaio, Botticelli, Verrocchio, the general average is high. Some of the questionable pictures are intrinsically meritorious. The most remarkable groups of individual artists are four Turners, including an exquisite marine in white and darkling blue, Rockets and Blue-lights; four Frans Halses, including a magisterial portrait of an old lady, of his best period, and four Rembrandts, of which the most attractive are an early and highly dramatic Resurrection of Lazarus, and a late and mysterious interior, Philemon and Baucis. In general the representation of the little masters of Holland is strong. Two of the Metsus are superb, Jan Steen's The Siesta is of the finest water, Terborch's The Glass of Lemonade, a characteristic gallant scene, falls by ever so little short of his best. Hobbema and Goyen are well represented. Ruysdael's name is signed—or added?—to an impressive valley scene, which, but for the signature, one would unhesitatingly declare a fine Koninck. There are four interesting Potters, two being sketches, five Ostades, and three De Hoochs, of which one is excellent. The Flemish list begins with several primitive panels intrinsically meritorious, but over-attributed. The Adoration of the Kings by Dirck Bouts alone seems of the first importance. A little Madonna ascribed to Memling is a charming bit of color. A strange History of St. Augustine, attributed to Gerard David, a thinly painted composition with many figures, is closely related to the enigmatic Fountain of Life in the Prado, and like it is probably a Spanish reflection of Flemish art. Four miniature proverbs by old Brueghel illustrate the transitional style of Flanders. Its culmination is shown in Rubens's big mythology, Ixion and Hera, in two Apostles by his hand, and in four Tenierses. The Italian pictures are a casually assorted lot. A Madonna with the Young St. John, which bears the great name of Raphael, is closely allied to the Madonna of the Pearl, and is executed with a beautiful preciosity. It is quite as fine as many of the famous Raphaels of European galleries, and, like them, comes from a period when the master was too busy to paint his own pictures. It surely came from his studio, and may have been executed by the talented Penni. A florid but quite magnificent Adoration of the Shepherds, by Baldassare Peruzzi, is a fine specimen of the big altar pieces of the high Renaissance. It should go to a museum. Other Italian pictures of note are an early Andrea Solario, The Annunciation, signed and dated 1506, and a resplendent Coronation of the Virgin, by Andrea Bartoli. The catalogue, in spite of the signature, erroneously ascribes it to Taddeo Bartoli. The panel is a magnificent example of Sienese tempera painting, and obviously a museum piece.

Three miniature portraits on green ground of the Clouet school lead the French contingent. One is ascribed to Holbein against all probability. Then after two centuries come an exquisite Watteau, The Garden Party, and a good Boucher, The Toilet of Venus. Delacroix, the men of 1830, the painters of the Institute follow in the fashion consecrated by a thousand auction sales. We can note only that the pictures are generally of the best, and may specify a finely bleak Rousseau, a Diaz landscape, almost a masterpiece; a Millet nude of the most impressive sort, and his drastic composition, The Pig Killers, a particular favorite of the artist. Corot and Daubigny are represented at their best. A crowded Alma-Tadema, Spring, and two unfinished canvases, very gracious things, by Burne-Jones, for a series illustrating St. George and the Dragon, must close this brief enumeration.

The Yerkes rugs are even more important than the pictures, if rarity be made the measure. There are half a dozen of the so-called Polish-Persian fabrics which, in spite of their excessive scarceness and the beauty of their faded tints, seem inferior to the standard products of the Persian looms. Of these there are about twenty-five of all sizes and degrees of textile fineness. Every one is extraordinary. A tomb rug, otherwise unattractive to the present writer, has no less than seven hundred and fifty hand-tied knots to the square inch. A patchwork of fourteenth and fifteenth century fragments, No. 205, is perhaps the most beautiful and desirable exhibit. A silk rug with floral designs crisply drawn in pale green upon a crimson field is the most gorgeous of them all. A large fragment from a contemporary duplicate of the famous Ardebil carpet, now at the South Kensington Museum, is perhaps the most important number. The greater part of this replica was used to patch out the London example. What is left represents magnificently the force, vitality, and preciousness of decorative draughtsmanship in Persia in its golden age. The catalogue of rugs was prepared by the expert John Kimberly Mumford. His learned and sympathetic work is in rather striking contrast to the careless cataloguing of the pictures. We have no space to dwell upon the miscellaneous objects of art included in this sale. Græco-Roman marbles, and sculpture by Houdon, Falconnet, Rodin, and Macmonnies are perhaps the most striking items.

As an erstwhile enthusiast for the notorious Tiara of Saiterphernes, Salomon Reinach must have taken a peculiar satisfaction in writing the history of the wax bust bought as a Leonardo da Vinci by the Museum of Berlin. The article "Léonard ou Lucas?" is published in the *Revue Archéologique*, 1909, 11, p. 416, and has been reprinted in a pamphlet published by Ernest Leroux, Paris. To the studio of the sculptor Richard Cockle Lucas, according to the testimony of his surviving son, the picture dealer William Buchanan, in 1846 or thereabouts, brought a Leonardesque painting, a Flora, and commissioned Lucas to make a wax figure after that model. To this end young Lucas copied the painting, and the work proceeded, only to be refused by Buchanan. Lucas set it up in his studio, where happily it was photographed about the year 1860. At last it was placed in the porch of a summer house, constructed by Lucas. With the house it was sold. In 1894 our Flora reached the auction room at Southampton, where she constituted the gem of a small collection of busts which was knocked down at five shillings. At a somewhat higher figure Walter Long, of Southampton, bought her, and after several years of vain attempt to realize on his bargain sold her for a song to Messrs. Spink, the well-known London dealers. Here her fame began. Murray Marks recognized her as a Leonardo and acquired her, published her as such, and finally was induced to sell her to Dr. Bode for a matter of £8,000. At this point, A. D. Lucas, who had helped make the bust, and two or three former owners or vendors, who knew its history, communicated their reminiscences to the press. Dr. Bode took refuge in the theory that there had been two busts, one Leonardo's original, which his enterprise had secured for Berlin, another a copy by Lucas which the various witnesses had seen in his studio and elsewhere. Against this hypothesis tells fatally the fact that the photograph of the bust, which was in Lucas's studio in 1860, and whose subsequent history is fully known, agrees in every particular, including the lesions of time, with the bust now in the Kaiser-friedrich Museum. The finding of early Victorian rags and newspapers inside the bust merely confirms the documentary evidence. It should, however, be said in fairness that, in the face of the apparently demonstrative evidence that the Berlin bust is the handiwork of Lucas, certain critics still maintain that it is of the Renaissance and that there has been a substitution which escapes the records. Such impressionistic affirmations seem to us to have no weight against the testimony of Lucas's son, and all the more that we have little authenticated wax sculpture of the Renaissance, by which to substantiate such a faith.

At a meeting of the British School at Athens in February, M. S. Thompson gave an interesting account of the excavation of a prehistoric site near Lianokladhi, in the valley of the Spercheios, in Northern Greece, which he and A. J. B. Ware had examined last summer, and of which no details had yet been published. Three clearly marked strata could be distinguished in the deposit, which probably indicate three distinct settlements, perhaps by peoples of quite different races. The lowest stratum contained neolithic hand-made pottery, with decoration in red on a white ground. This is similar to, though not identical with, pottery found in Thessaly,

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Phocis, and Northern Bœotia. The motives of the ornamentation are clearly local, and the technique is peculiar. Apparently, the whole of the vase was first covered with a thick white slip, over which a coat of bright red paint was applied; then the red paint was scraped away with a sharp instrument in broad stripes or zig-zag pattern, so that the white slip appeared below. The second stratum contained pottery, likewise hand-made, entirely covered with a slightly lustrous black or dark-brown paint. A similar fabric has been found in the lowest layers at Orchomenos and in the bottom stratum at Tiryns. Its occurrence as far north as the Spercheios Valley is of great interest. In the third, or uppermost, stratum the excavators found a kind of pottery hitherto unknown, with peculiar geometric designs in black paint. This, too, is hand-made. At the same level a prehistoric house of irregular shape was uncovered, with six clay πίθοι still in position. No metal objects were found on the site, but flint implements were found in all three strata.

Tom Browne, the English artist, best known as a comic draughtsman and the editor of *Tom Browne's Annual*, though he had done much creditable work of a serious character in water-color, died last week, at the age of thirty-eight.

Johannes Schilling, the German sculptor, died last week at the age of eighty-one. He was perhaps best known as the sculptor of the national monument, Germania, at Niederwald, though examples of his work are to be found in many German cities, including a colossal group for the façade of the Court Theatre at Dresden. He became blind a few years ago.

Finance.

AN HISTORIC PARALLEL.

On the ninth of the present month, an urgent petition was circulated by members of the London Stock Exchange, asking an extra holiday on Easter Saturday, for the avowed purpose of giving rest to a physically exhausted membership. The Stock Exchange committee granted the petition. The reason for this action was concisely stated in a London financial newspaper, the day after the petition had been presented:

> After the boom in the market, particularly of the last few weeks, four clear days' holiday at Easter would be particularly welcome; indeed, in certain offices closely associated with the "Rubber boom," a holiday threatens soon to become a necessity.

Why should this have been so? During the somewhat prolonged period of inactivity and depression on the New York stock market, the speculative fever in London, described in this column five weeks ago, has raged with increasing violence. This was especially remarkable for two incidental facts—one, that the Bank of England has in the meantime advanced its discount rate because of the weakening of London bank reserves; the other, that the very bank deposits, lent to the Stock Exchange for this speculation, are sure to be called upon peremptorily for other purposes, the moment a budget of taxation passes Parliament and the arrears of taxes, uncollected during the long dispute between the Commons and the Lords, begin to be gathered. To these two considerations, which most people would class as supremely important in an extended speculation, the London speculators have paid no attention. Just what is happening, in the culminating stages of the extraordinary "rubber-share boom" on that market, is thus set forth in the London *Economist* of March 19:

> On Wednesday morning at half-past seven, a jobber lay in his office peacefully snoring, thankful to snatch half an hour's sleep before breakfast after his all-night work, and there he was found by a broker who had been toiling, also through the night, at preparing transfers and casting page after page of accounts in jobbers' ledgers. On the night of the account day itself, of all others, when the over-tired brain begged for rest, in one firm of brokers all the partners had to stay until well past one o'clock in order to reduce the chaos of huge transfer details to manageable proportions. At the Inland Revenue office, in Austin Friars, where transfers are stamped and distributed, such scenes of pressure have never before been witnessed. Long queues of clerks and messengers stretched down the office, and for a hundred yards into the street, waiting for attention.
>
> Queer things happened. One jobber fell momentarily asleep as he stood by the rubber market. Money has been wanted on all sides. Men known to be of considerable wealth have eagerly offered 10 per cent. for contango accommodation. "It isn't enough," commented one dealer to another as the latter bid 10 per cent. on a list of shares he wanted to carry over. . . . A broker had to deliver some six or seven thousand shares in a well-known oil company. For this lot he received more than seventy different names, each representing a different buyer. Among this batch of names was one for a thousand shares; the rest were split up into small lots, averaging less than a hundred shares apiece, the buyers being scattered over all four countries of the British Isles.

To London, this extraordinary spectacle will revive recollections chiefly of the great boom of 1895 in South African mine shares, under circumstances very similar to those of to-day, when values of "Kaffirs" doubled, trebled, and quadrupled in a couple of months, only to be brought to earth again with exceptional violence in the early autumn. But it will not be strange if the description also awakens reminiscence in Wall Street, and the reminiscence is of an occasion which at the time was described as necessarily peculiar to the American markets. It was on April 30, 1901, that 3,200,000 shares were dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange, for the first and only time in the history of that institution. That day had been preceded by five or six days with trading of 2,500,000 or more, and it was followed by three days of 2,800,000 shares each.

The cause of the Stock Exchange demonstration, in the New York of 1901 as in the London of 1910, was a sudden and generally unexpected flaring-up of the most violent speculative excitement on the part of the general public, stimulated by such enormous quantities of capital offered for use to Wall Street borrowers, that the ventures, even of professional speculators, reached a pitch of recklessness. The tales of fortunes suddenly won by waiters, dressmakers, and barbers whipped this public excitement to a frenzy.

As April 1 of that remarkable season drew to a close, it became common talk that the pressure of buying orders for instantaneous execution was such that the Stock Exchange membership could scarcely execute the commissions. Floor brokers on the Stock Exchange were on the verge of nervous prostration, but so were the partners and clerks who had to post the entries. All the rooms at downtown hotels were taken for employees who had to work up to 2 and 3 A. M., and get back to business again at nine. People came downtown to see the tall Wall Street office buildings lighted up on every floor at midnight. Restaurants kept open, and, at the last, cots were spread in the offices for clerks who could not get hotel room, and restaurants were improvised in the customers' rooms.

But this is not the only parallel reminiscence. As London this month asked for an extra holiday for rest, so did Wall Street in 1901. On Monday, May 6, the Stock Exchange members petitioned the governing committee for a full holiday on the following Saturday. On Wednesday, May 8, the governors granted the petition, avowedly to make possible the clearing up of accumulated business, but also to give a rest to shattered nerves. On Thursday, May 9, the structure of stock speculation came down in a memorable crash. But the Stock Exchange had its holiday on Saturday.

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